

Bathia *Leith*
A *Between them*
NEW COLLECTION

OF

MORAL TALES,

WRITTEN BY THE CELEBRATED

MARMONTEL,

AND TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH,

By MR HERON.

VOLUME SECOND,

CONTAINING:

DIOGNES AND GLYCERA || ADVENTURE OF A YOUNG MOOK
ZEMIN || ALCIONE || THE LESSON OF MISFORTUNE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
FRATERNAL AFFECTION || EMILIUS AND SOPHIA
WITH THE YOUNG WOMAN IN THE HOLLOW OAK.

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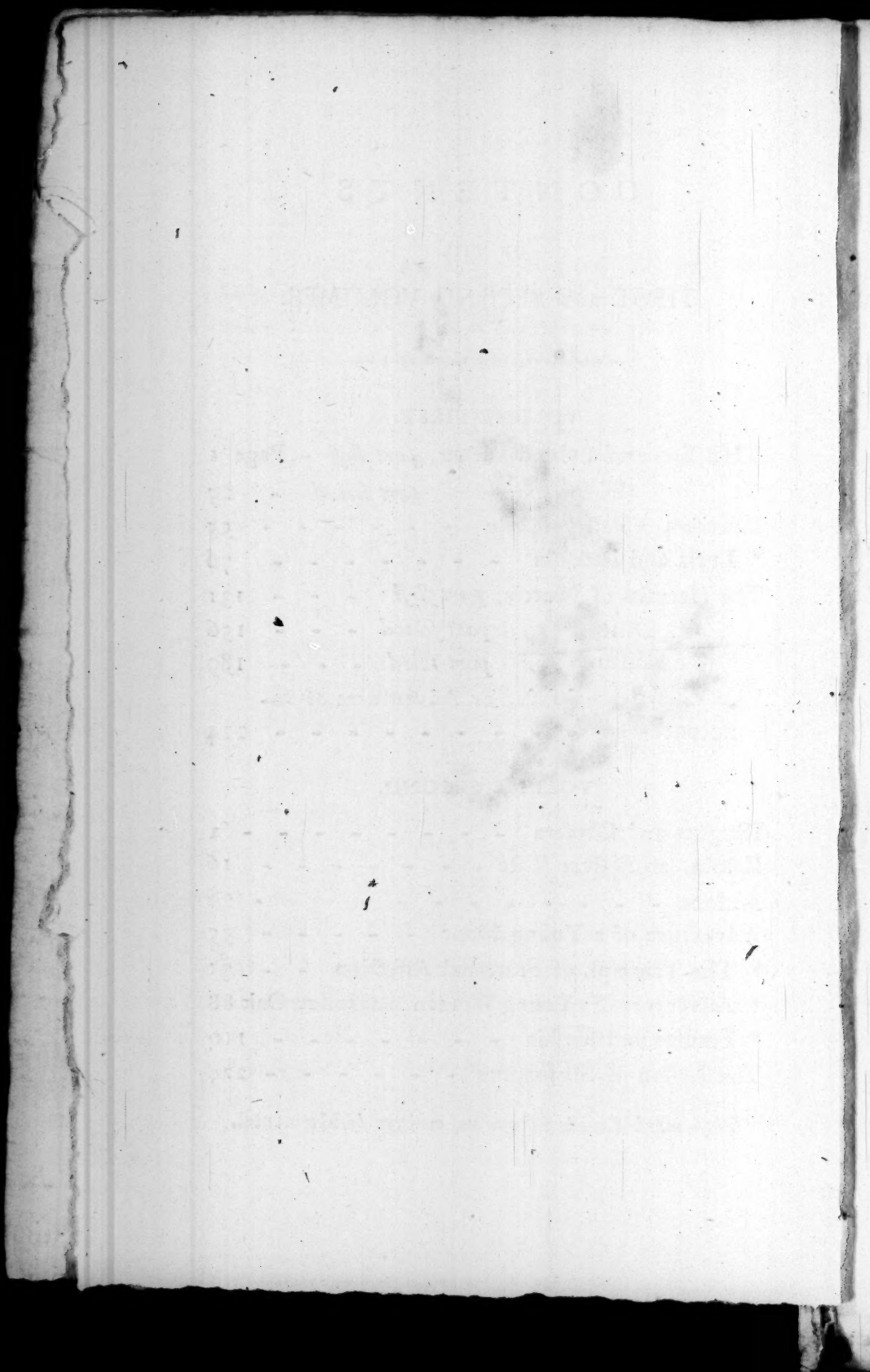
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*Those marked with a * are not written by Marmontel.*



NEW
MORAL TALES.

LATELY PUBLISHED,
BY MR MARMONTELLE.

DIOGNES AND GLYCERA,

A GRECIAN STORY.

1. **Y**OU, gentlemen, deny the existence of those lovely souls which, like beauty, become the more captivating for their owing nothing to art.

I happened, one day, to refute a sophist who denied the reality of motion, merely by walking before the idiot.

What if I should in the same manner prove to you the existence of those amiable souls? I may possibly give room for some censorious opinions; but, what of that? What we think of one another renders us neither better nor worse. Only I foresee that I shall tell my story to none but the fair Psyche

VOL. II.

A

and

and such as resemble her. I can forbid no person to hear. But, were I even in presence of the whole assembly of the Amphyctions, I should not, for that, curtail a single syllable.

I lived once, as you know, or know not, in the city of Athens, of purpose to form my mind after *the discourses of Plato, and the life of Antisthenes*. One evening, while I was absorbed in reflection, I walked by myself under the arcades of the Ceramicius. It was in the twilight; and only some places were faintly illuminated by the light from a neighbouring house.

By means of that faint light, I perceived a young woman coming slowly up to me. Her shadow moving along the wall, gave me the first notice of her approach. I knew her soon to be a woman; and when she came near up to me, good gods! what was my surprise, to see her, a young girl, of the age of sixteen or seventeen years, and of the most charming figure. She was loosely dressed. Even some part of her legs, and her bosom fair as that of Hebe, were exposed to my view; her fair hair, fluttering before the breeze, flowed loose upon her shoulders.



This

This sight roused some emotions in my breast. But, this was yet nothing. Hardly had the young woman seen me, when she came hastily forward to meet me, and threw herself in my arms, fainted away. I felt inexpressible uneasiness.

However recollecting myself in a moment, I threw my arm around the young woman, and conveyed her to my chamber in the Ceramicus. She suffered me to carry her away, without uttering a word: so much were her senses over-powered, and her strength exhausted.

When I reached my chamber, I laid her upon my bed which, by the way, was not formed to excite or encourage voluptuous ideas. I then lighted my lamp and viewed her with all the attention she seemed to merit.

Her appearance inspired my heart with something which rendered me much more tender than I commonly was. It was a mixed feeling of love and pity, the most delicious state of mind I ever in my life enjoyed: and to fix for some moments this transient sentiment, which must have vanished whenever any distraction seized upon my mind, I covered with a sort of mantle the fair bosom and the pretty feet of that lovely girl.

When she recovered the use of her senses, she looked upon me with astonishment. She attempted to speak; but tears stopped her voice. I took her in my arms, embraced her, and with all the gentleness I could, intreated her, to have a small degree of confidence in me. She seemed desirous to escape out of my arms; but her efforts were so weak, that, at that moment, any other than I would have been emboldened by them. But I thought differently. In her lovely eyes, amid the timid confusion which sat upon them, methought I could discern the marks of a beauteous soul.

I might have been mistaken; for the circumstances, that fair bosom, and what honest Homer calls rosy arms, and silver feet, were then acting powerfully upon my imagination. I chose to yield to the first impressions; and you shall hear if I was deceived by them.

The young woman, being exhausted by hunger and fatigue, had need of some refreshments in the first place; I made haste to give her them; but, in truth, gentlemen, I am forgetting, that these little particulars which my memory continually recollects with new pleasure, have nothing in them to interest you in the same manner as they interest me.

This

This young creature, after taking some little food, recovered so far as to be able to give me an account of her adventures. She began her story with down-cast eyes. Why cannot I imitate in my discourse that grace which adorned her expression, voice, and every thing about her!

2. "The fair Lais is my mother. I was brought up by her, and lived in that happy ignorance of myself, which constitutes the bliss of infancy, till such time as I lost him who was so good as to suppose himself my father. I was told that he was a rich Sicilian of high rank. Hardly had I attained my seventh year, when death deprived me of him. From that time I saw my mother's tenderness become every day colder to me. Other lovers effaced the remembrance of him who was no more; and her heart soon ceased to speak in behalf of poor Laidia. I was deeply affected, but was obliged to hide my tears. If ever she saw my eyes red, as if I had been weeping, I was sure to feel the effects of her displeasure. Lais treated me, in other respects, just like the rest of the girls in her service; and we had all the same dancing and music masters."

What! my charming maid! said I, do you play on the lute and sing? Here is a lute, do me the

pleasure——The young girl was so good as to pause in her story. She sang the tenderest song of Anacreon (guess which it was) and accompanied it, with the instrument; while her fingers danced upon the lute, each seemed to be animated with a soul of its own.

O Wisdom! O Antisthenes! where were you then? For Diognes you did not exist, nor had ever existed. I fought to recover my reason on the lips of the fair musician.

Leave me to continue my story, said she, with a gentle smile; her cheeks at the same time colouring with a lovely carnation.

3. Her blushing restored me for a moment, to myself, and by a natural consequence, I blushed, at least as much as she.

She went on; "I was fourteen years of age, when the fair Lais put me into the hands of an Athenian, who, she said, loved me passionately. Lais bade me henceforth look upon him as my master; but this new master concealed his power under the tenderest caresses. My days flowed on in renewed pleasures; I was pleased with my present

sent condition, and thought not of the future. Glycon had reason to be satisfied with the returns I made for his kindness. But if love be that fire which animates the verses of Sappho, it is a passion I am incapable of feeling. Had that been possible, Glycon, sure, would have inspired me with love. He made me often sing the ode to Phaon which expresses its violence with so much energy: and was always vexed that my eyes did not confirm what my mouth uttered. I at length saw his love begin to cool. The tone of impassioned sentiment with which he had always addressed me, soon changed into raillery and gaiety, which, to say the truth, pleased me much more. But neither did this last long.

To be brief, (for I see, gentlemen, you begin to be impatient) the fair Bacchis deprived my nymph of her mistress, and so ended the romance.

The young inchantress told her story ravishingly. Her ingenuousness, her seducing little ways, the sweet tone of her voice, and a certain *je ne sais quoi*, with which I was strongly affected, although I cannot express it:—altogether rendered her story much more interesting than it naturally was: for, at bottom, gentlemen, thanks to your manners, it was but a very ordinary story.

In

In the warmth of the narrative the robe which I had thrown over her was, from time to time, disordered; and you can conceive, gentlemen, that upon certain occasions, such a trifle has no trifling effect. I could have listened all night; I am far from asking the same favour of you, gentlemen. I know how to do justice to you, as well as to myself; and by the way I should wish all writers of tales, poets, and historians to avail themselves of this hint.

4. The young girl went on, and informed me, how she had come on that same night under the arcades of the Ceramicus, and happened to throw herself into my arms in so suspicious a dress. I believe that I might leave it to your own imaginations to supply this gap. If you would suppose, for instance, that Glycon, to please his new mistress, had made a present of the old, to one of his friends; that the friend not finding himself flattered by her kindness, had made a present of her to a sculptor; that the sculptor, after having made some statues from the model of her form, had sold her to a correspondent with the officers of the Persian Seraglio; and that the latter intending to exchange her for some goods from the Levant, with an old Ephesian ship-captain,—the young girl afraid of her new master,

master, had eloped on the preceding night, and had remained hid, all the day, among the ruins of an old building;—if, I say, you should fancy a series of such adventures, you would nearly hit the truth.

However it may be, young *Lais* was now under my protection, and this was enough to engage me to do her all the services in my power. I was no richer then than I am now. I had nothing but my compassion and good advice to offer her.

Perhaps (if ever a copy of these tablets shall be transmitted to posterity) perhaps, then, the advice which I gave her, may in future times be useful to any young woman into whose hands they may happen to fall, whether she be in a similar situation, or perplexed, as the sex too often are, about the disposal of her heart. In this supposition I dedicate the following article to the amiable and tender women who shall live after me; but, that they may be circumspect in the use of the philosophy I teach them, let me warn them to keep it carefully to themselves, concealing it from their mothers, and above all from their lovers.

5. All that you have hitherto suffered, said I to the lovely girl, has been in consequence of your having

ving the fair *Lais* for your mother. Try to forget her; or remember her only so long as the experience you have had in the past, can be of use to you. Henceforth, let the future alone engage your care, and its success will depend upon yourself. So handsome a creature, said I (and as I said this, I could not help kissing her forehead) is surely destined for something better than to serve as a play thing to a Glycon, or a model to a Calamis. Nature, lovely creature, has done every thing for you; but fortune as yet nothing. Yet, capricious as she is, soon must she make amends for the neglect.

She has already begun to make me amends, replied the charmer, by making me fall into your hands. Did not this deserve another kiss?

Your future fortune, continued I, must depend on the use you make of your endowments, and the manner in which you avail yourself of circumstances. Since names are ominous, let us first change yours; you shall in future be called Glycera, instead of Laidia. By this name will I present you to a friend of mine, who, for a little gratitude perhaps, will have the generosity to send you to Miletus, under the care of an old freed-woman, of his household. There, as you will be provided with whatever is necessary

cessary to your decent appearance, by living an uniform life, you may soon draw upon yourself the notice of the whole city; for there is a way of hiding one's self which only makes one better seen; and I answer for it, that lovers will crowd about you, thick as bees upon a rose-bush.

But, beware, child, their purpose will be only to have you on the easiest terms possible: and let your care be, to dispose of yourself in the most advantageous manner you may. Your own heart may perhaps be reluctant to act upon this principle. But, I must pity you, indeed, if you shall suffer it to be affected with any foolish passion, or fixed on an object which can only satisfy your eyes. A fine woman has a thousand favours to grant which are of no value to herself; but her heart she should always reserve in her own power. While you remain mistress of this ægis, you will be impregnable. Strive to receive all your lovers alike, without seeming to favour any one more than another. Divide such favours as you can grant without harm to yourself, into a thousand minute particles. One favouring glance is too much at once to the happy man on whom it is conferred; let the interval from a look of indifference, to a glance of encouragement, and from this last again to a look of tenderness, be
filled

filled up, if possible, (and how should it be impossible to a pretty woman?) with an hundred intermediate ones proceeding imperceptibly from the former to the latter. But, above all be careful to hide from them what arts you practise; if you should not, they will be upon their guard. It will be equally injurious to you, if you give them occasion to think, that your heart is absolutely inaccessible to love. Allow all who are worth the trouble, room to hope, that they may make a conquest of you. But, manage matters so, that you may, at all times have it in your power to favour particularly whoever of them is weak, or tender enough to lay his person and fortune entirely at your discretion; provided always after a due enquiry into the circumstances of his fortune, you find that he has enough to reward you for yielding up your liberty to him. You may, then, but still with precaution, let this happy mortal see, that when his tenderness begins to diminish, yours may be awakened.

But, did you not tell me that you were incapable of love? She blushed.—I believe, I am, replied she, faintly.—But, I do not believe so, replied the son of Icetas; viewing her, with a look of flyness and tenderness. His knee happened, at that instant, to touch Glycera's; and he felt it tremble.—Why do

do you not go on? said she.—I must first know, if you be susceptible of love?—But, when you shall know?—I must then proceed a certain length.

Her garment, while she composed it about her feet had been disordered at her neck; and there was a wild confusion in her lovely eyes.—The son of Icetas was then five and twenty.—His curiosity might well be suspended. Was there not good reason?—

6. O my tender Glycera, why am I not master of the world. Or, rather, why have I not a competence sufficient for us both; a little garden, a cultivated field to afford us food, and a few shrubs, to hide our felicity from the eyes of the world!

7. We must allow, my good friends, our hearts are very, very weak: and, yet, weak although they are, and notwithstanding all the errors into which they occasionally betray us, in them are the sources of our purest pleasures, our noblest actions, our most amiable inclinations. I cannot help pitying those who believe not, or wish not to believe this.

In the mean time, I should wish to persuade women, never to affirm from pretended experience,

that they are incapable of a certain degree of sensibility. But, soft sleep now came to suspend the lessons of the friend, and the pupils rising desire to receive his instructions.

8. How much did it cost thee, thou too weak pupil of Antisthenes, to resume thy instructions where thou *didst* leave off!

My dear Glycera, said I, at last, making an effort to command myself, notwithstanding all the love I have conceived for you, if I would wish this love not to have the effects of hatred, I must—Proceed—Ah! Glycera, to-morrow, and we shall see each other no more.—See each other no more! Why?—Because my presence would be an obstacle to your happiness!—Are you serious? Can you think of our parting?—It must be—circumstances—What! Diognes, should I be an obstacle to your happiness?—No, Glycera, happiness and I have long been at variance—But, I should hinder yours.—If this be all, hear me, Diognes—I ask no happiness, but the happiness of remaining with you; you are worthy of a female companion in whose arms you may forget the injuries of fortune, and of men. Be not afraid that I become chargeable to you; I have hands, and can work.—O incomparable woman!

I long

I long objected—but Glycera was immovably determined. But, say, you whom nature has endowed with a feeling heart, was I wrong, when I thought I saw in her countenance the features of an amiable soul?

We vowed eternal friendship; and immediately left Athens. The world forgot us; and we, with pleasure forgot the world. Three happy, happy years—but I cannot proceed, for these tears.—

9. The fond Glycera is no more—With her I lost all that I had remaining, to lose. The spot where she is buried is that I now value as mine: none but myself knows where it is. I have planted it with rose-bushes; and the roses smell sweeter there than any where else. Every year, when they blow, I visit the hallowed spot.—I sit me down by Glycera's tomb, and pluck a rose—So bright, so fair wast thou, one day, say I to myself—and then I pull off, one by one, the leaves of the rose, and strew them on the ground. With pensive melancholy, I next recollect the lovely vision of my youth, and drop a tear as an offering to her dear, dear shade.

If you are not affected, gentlemen, it is not my fault; but I forgive you, you have not lost a Glycera.

Z E M I N;

AN EASTERN TALE.

IN the early ages of the world, those happy times, when men had no cares but to taste the charms of society,—lived Zemin. Fortune had lavished on him her most precious gifts. The country where he lived, was, every season arrayed in new verdure, and embroidered with a rich profusion of flowers. Whole forests of cedars and palm trees belonged to him. His numerous flocks pastured in vales intersected by rivulets. In a word, he enjoyed every pleasure which beauty, and simplicity of life can confer.

It may easily be conceived that Zemin was highly happy. Is there any man but would wish for such a lot? However, although nothing was wanting to complete the happiness of young Zemin, the ardent fire of youth, awaking in his breast a train of desires not to be gratified, turned him from the path which leads to true felicity, and led him from error to error. In the fortunate condition which he enjoyed, he saw nothing but an insipid sameness; and new imaginations still excited new desires. Strange infatuation! however rich and bounteous nature may be, she is still too poor, and too parsimonious, to gratify
the

the desires of mortals. Spleen suggesting anxious *suspicions*, serves to cure the wounds which the human heart suffers from real calamities, by conjuring up imaginary wants.

Zemin oppressed by vain desires, fell, one day, into a deep sleep. Azor, the genius who is intrusted with the government of this earth, undertook to cure Zemin of this disorder of imagination, by means of a dream.

In this dream, Zemin found himself seated under a cedar, on the summit of a lofty mountain, from which he enjoyed a prospect of his own extensive possessions. Instead of viewing them with pleasure, he heaved deep sighs, when suddenly his eyes were struck with a glance of inexpressible brightness. A cloud glittering with gold and azure descended with majestic glory, from the height of the horizon. While his eyes beheld this splendid vision, his nostrils were regaled with the most fragrant perfumes. Upon the radiant cloud appeared a celestial being whose gentle aspect removed the fear which otherwise might have been impressed by so unexpected an appearance. It was the benevolent Azor, who without making himself known, thus addressed Zemin: "Zemin, what are those

anxieties which thus trouble the peace of thy mind ?
Tell me, that I may remove them !”

“ My life, replied Zemin, is become an insupportable burthen to me. I find in it nothing but one dull unvaried round : my shady woods and enamelled meads affords nothing new ; they no longer give me the pleasure I once received from them. Even the beauties of the fair Selima have ceased to charm.—Disgust succeeds enjoyment.—My heart feels a vacuity which I cannot explain.—O beneficent genius ; for such I believe you to be ; change this dull scene into a country like that which the spirits of heaven inhabit, that, in an infinite diversity of enjoyments, I may always experience an ecstasy unallayed !”

Hardly had he ended these words when he swooned away at Azor's feet. The whole region assumed a new form. All nature displayed the creative power of the celestial ambassador. Never was such another enchanted country seen upon earth.

Recovering from his swoon, he looked round him with astonishment. He was seated on a bed of violets, and the zephyrs gently breathed about him, fragrance from a thousand flowers. He arose,
and

and walked through alleys of odoriferous shrubs; the melodious song of birds engaged and charmed his ear, while his eyes were dazzled by the ravishing scene presented to his view,—Zemin was ravished to extasy.—On a sudden appeared seven nymphs, beauteous as the *Houries* of paradise. In comparison with these all the beauties Zemin had yet admired were perfectly homely. The nymphs retired among some gay arbours at a small distance. In the ardent transport which animated him, he followed, and soon overtook them.—What mortal so happy as Zemin! Seven young beauties, each adorned with graces peculiar to herself, charmed him by turns with the graces and allurements of variety.

This dream, however, had hardly lasted eight days when the hours already began to lag in their progress. New wishes, more urgent than those he had formerly felt, again tortured the heart of Zemin. He escaped out of the arms of those lovely nymphs, and retired to renew his sighs under a solitary shade.—“Unhappy Zemin, said he, when shalt thou enjoy tranquillity and peace? Is there any happiness destined for thee, of which the enjoyment will not be followed by immediate disgust. I am far from having attained the object of my wishes. The pursuit of pleasure costs me much, and the gratification

tification of my senses gives me little satisfaction. How ignominious it is, to pass life in inactivity and sloth!—My views begin to extend. I feel that I am made for a nobler state. I am destined to contend for the laurel that adorns the brow of the hero, and to pursue immortal glory in a path unknown to the voluptuous. I will not rest long in these myrtle bowers, nor pass my days in a corner of the earth where I am forgotten in obscurity.—Ah! would Azor again favour me! Hitherto I have never formed a wish worthy of myself, or of the approbation of Azor. What more should I have to desire, if my territories were extended at my pleasure, and my power respected by all my subjects? How pleasing will it be, when I can consider myself as the sovereign of the human race, a deity upon earth, with one hand launching thunderbolts, and with the other dispensing favours!”

An invisible hand instantly seized Zemin, and raised him rapidly through the air. He saw before him a country of immense extent, covered with vast forests. Rivers, emulating the ocean in magnitude flowed from the summits of the hills, and dividing into branches, as they advanced, spread riches and plenty over the whole country. Zemin beheld with admiration the extent and population of the cities
which

which he saw upon those immense plains. *All this,* said the invisible spirit, *all this, O Zemin, is thine.* The heart of Zemin felt no joy at the sight of provinces which he was to have under his dominion. Azor descended to the earth, and Zemin, on a sudden, found himself amidst an assembly of heroes who before he could recover from his astonishment, unanimously proclaimed him their sovereign. He instantly saw a whole people at his feet, and the air re-echoed with joyous acclamations. A numerous train conducted the new monarch to a magnificent palace. His courtiers and subjects crowded to kiss the steps of the throne. Camels richly caparisoned brought him gifts of all the productions of the country, gold from the isles, and the most odoriferous spices of the East.

Zemin was ravished with joy, to hear the martial trumpet sound, and with no less pleasure viewed the pompous apparatus of war. He set out at the head of an army, attacked several princes whose dominions bordered on his, routed their troops, and cut them to pieces. The shout of victory, the groans of the wounded, the sighs of the dying, were delightful music to his ear. Flashed with the victories which he had gained, he proceeded to overrun another country with fire and the sword: thus, with

with giant strides, he held on his career from victory to victory. Zemin was not yet *satisfied*.—

To have conquered so many nations was nothing, while others yet remained who had not felt the force of his irresistible arm. He could have wished heaven to form new worlds, that he might conquer them.—Among a million of slaves, base enough to flatter his passions, there were, however, a few sages who had courage to speak to him, and to remind him of the duties of humanity, by representing that the deity whose power is wholly employed in acts of benevolence, is the true model for princes to follow.—Zemin would not lend an ear to

such convincing remonstrances, after having been accustomed to flattery, he could not bear truth; and how should wisdom make herself heard by one who was deaf to the cries of oppressed innocence?

—However his power was fast declining—A powerful people who had long enjoyed the sweets of liberty and independence, had become an object of his insatiable thirst for conquest. That martial nation fighting in so just a cause, courageously resisted his attacks, and had at last the happiness to obtain the victory. Zemin reduced to flee, escaped with difficulty, and with extreme danger, from the just fury of his enemies. The hero who had, till now been adored, found himself a base creature. After

encountering

encountering unspeakable difficulties, he reached the middle of a vale surrounded by lofty mountains. The still tranquillity enticed him to rest. He sat down on the brink of a rivulet; and his solitary situation, with the unhappy change of fortune which he had experienced, awaked his heart to sentiments of bitter remorse.

“ Ah! Zemin, cried he, is it possible that thou shouldest have suffered thyself to be blinded by foolish hope? What has become of those ideas of greatness which deceived thee so far as to make thee think thyself a God upon earth! Foolish mortal that thou art! into what an abyss of misery has thy madness betrayed thee?—Cruel Azor, knewest thou not, that thou wast injuring me by granting my wishes? Happy inhabitants of the country, you live in peace upon your own possessions, free from those inordinate desires which natural instinct alone diffuses round you in abundance?—can there be aught more pleasing than the enjoyment of those favours which the bounty of nature lavishes upon her children.”

While Zemin was thus declaiming against ambition, he observed near him a beautiful butterfly, which had alighted upon a flower. This was
enough

enough to distract his reflections. He saw the sportive insect flutter gayly about from flower to flower. "Ah! Azor, cried he, twice hast thou granted me gratifications which I have found pernicious, hear me, this last time, what I now desire, must ensure my happiness. In the humiliating condition to which I am reduced, I envy the lot of a poor insect. I had rather reign over the flowers, fluttering round them like a butterfly, than be master of the world and a slave to my passions."—Transform me into a butterfly.—His body suddenly took the form of an insect with four wings. The soul of Zemin was astonished to find itself confined within so narrow an abode. His desires became more moderate, and did not aspire beyond his proper sphere! the new-made butterfly was impatient to try his wings; he left the flower upon which he had received his new existence, flew away, ascended thro' a new element, and enjoyed the perfume of all the flowers in the fields. While he fluttered in the air, and contemplated those ravishing beauties, a bird, hostile to insects came up, and seized him in its bill, to give him for food, to its young.

The dread of death made such an impression upon Zemin that he awaked. He looked about him, and rejoiced to find, that the danger to which

he

he had imagined himself exposed, was nothing but a dream.—He found himself laid beside his Selima, who seemed fairer than ever. Reflecting upon the dream, he found it to be an emblem of his wild desires.—Yes, said he, it is a beneficent genius, perhaps Azor himself, who has given me this lesson. His generous care has effected upon me, during sleep, what could not be done while I was awake and the body had too great an influence over the soul. I am now convinced that my life has been, as yet but the dream of a soul capricious, and enslaved by passion. How new, how noble are the ideas now presented to my mind! How contemptible does this world's greatness appear? Why have I been so long insensible to the sweet tranquillity which I enjoy, to those exalted ideas which at this moment fully gratify all my desires?—O being eternal! enlighten my paths by the light of thine infinite wisdom! The shades now vanish which hid thy perfections from my eyes. Fair Selima, with what pleasure do I return to thee!—Henceforth shall I regard my heart as an empire which it is my duty to govern. It shall be alike my duty and my pleasure to regulate and restrain it: for all enjoyments are vain, save those which are found in piety, virtue, and a grateful heart.

STORY OF ALCIONE.

MY father Polemon is a man of illustrious birth. But, his fortune has been ruined by some unhappy events, and he obliged to take refuge here, in this retreat in the neighbourhood of Babylon, where he enjoys a degree of tranquillity which the world could not afford him. Of five sons that were born to him, four have fallen in the service of Darius. The fifth, being ill-qualified for a military life, has remained at home, with Polemon: and he and I are all the consolation our father has left to him.

Some small share of beauty which I was flattered as possessing, induced several gentlemen to court the alliance of Polemon. But, the Gods bestowed me on one, who has made me miserable, and is equally so himself, in consequence of his connexion with me. Bagistan, the traitorous governor of Babylon, who has since basely betrayed his king, had a nephew named Theander, who from his earliest youth had fondly studied to please me. I was not indifferent to his love; but, as I wished my father to be the disposer of my fate, I concealed from my lover the sentiments which I felt for him. As he
loved

loved me sincerely, he soon acquainted Polemon with his wishes to be united with me, in marriage. Theander's merit was too well known, and his rank in the empire too considerable for my father to be displeased with the offer of his alliance. He received the offer with joy, and expressed his satisfaction to my lover. Bagistan, uncle to Theander, opposed our union for some time. But the lover at last obtained his consent; and married me, when I was only fifteen years of age.

As soon as I was his, he carried me to his house. He continued to treat me with such fond and endearing attention, that my love for him daily increased. I call the Gods whom I have so often invoked in my adversity, to witness, that never wife loved her husband with sincerer or more tender affection. We passed the first year after our marriage in mutual felicity. But Theander, at the call of duty, was obliged to leave me, and to march to the assistance of Darius. He confided me to the care of his brother Astiages, and his uncle Bagistan. I shall not attempt to tell you, how many tears this cruel parting cost me. Bagistan and Astiages both strove to soothe my grief. Not a day passed, on which they did not come to see me, and contrive a variety of amusements, to divert my affliction for

the absence of my husband. But, their kindness, which I distrusted, veiled under it base designs.

After long imposing on me with fictitious friendship, Bagistan at last made me a declaration of the guilty love with which I had inspired him. I could not hear the avowal without horror, but immediately expressed my indignation at the language which he presumed to hold, and quitted the place. I was afraid, however, to divulge his shame, or make his wicked intentions public; and therefore did not openly flee his company, but always avoided remaining alone with him. This conduct of mine, instead of bringing him to a due sense of the impropriety of his conduct, only inflamed his passion the more; and his looks expressed but too well what was passing in his heart. Aftiages being, one day left alone with me, after many expressions of friendship, thus addressed me.

You have used dissimulation, my sister, with a brother who loves you. Why have you concealed from me, that Bagistan adores you, and has long pressed you to make a suitable return to his love? Blush not; nor seek to hide what I have learned from his own mouth. What! Aftiages, said I with some degree of chagrin, has Bagistan revealed this
fatal

fatal secret to you who are brother to Theander? Yes, replied he, without emotion; and because I am brother to Theander, and his interests are dear to me, as my own, I counsel you to manage Bagistan more artfully than you have yet done. You know that your husband has no fortune to expect, unless from this uncle; and he himself would no doubt approve of your treating with some degree of complaisance, a man on whom his fortune must depend. Besides, the age of Bagistan secures your reputation from all danger. Good God! cried I, is he the brother of my husband who is capable of giving me this horrible advice? Go base man, subject thyself to infamy; but know that Alcione will never purchase fortune at so dear a rate.

I left Astiages, as I ended these words. But, the traitor instead of being checked, renewed his dishonest advice, every time he saw me. All my servants being bribed by Bagistan, continually spoke to me in his favour. In so cruel a situation I durst not intrust the odious secret to any but my mother. She approved of my conduct, and exhorted me to conceal my private distresses from the eye of the public.

Theander whom I was continually calling upon, at last returned. His tenderness made me forget

my woes, and I thought myself at last delivered from the subjects of my uneasiness. Astiages no longer importuned me; and Bagistan spoke his love only in the language of the eyes. Not to disturb our happiness, I concealed from my husband what had passed, without complaining of either his uncle or his brother.

Cleonimus, one of Theander's nearest relations and most intimate friends now arrived in Babylon. His travels through the different courts of Asia and Europe had rendered him a man of highly elegant accomplishments. His cultivated understanding was not unworthy of the elegance of his figure. Theander presented him to me as his relation and friend; and I found him even to exceed the praises with which I had heard him mentioned. The permission which by Theander's friendship he enjoyed, of coming daily to see me, soon converted my esteem for him into sincere friendship; and I loved him as if I had been his sister.

But the return of Theander afforded Bagistan opportunities of seeing me, notwithstanding my aversion to him. My husband, being a stranger to his criminal views, often favoured our interviews. One day when he left me alone with his uncle, I
wished

wished to bring some of my women into the room; but the base creatures being corrupted by Bagistan, had left my apartments; to my great distress when I discovered that it was so. The base old man knew, full well, the cause of my confusion, and tried to quiet me. Come, niece, said he, conducting me to his own apartment, I wish to shew you a treasure which I have concealed from all eyes, reserving it for you. He forced me to follow him into a closet where I indeed saw immense riches. Bagistan seeing me look surprised, pressed my hands and said; Alcione, all these riches are thine; wouldst thou but cease to hate, and make me unhappy. Flee not, continued he, seeing me about to retire; look with pity on him who loves you more than life; behold how I prepare to repay your kindness. O Bagistan, said I, can you forget who I am? Can you forget that you yourself are the uncle, or rather the father of Theander? Do you dread the wrath of the Gods? Open your eyes, and view your crime in all its horror. Far from being affected by this discourse, the detestable old man threw himself down, and passionately embraced my knees; Alcione, said he, I can listen to nought but my love; yield to my wishes, or I must die at your feet. Die, said I, viewing him with eyes that sparkled with indignation more ardently than his with love; die,

die, infamous old wretch, and hope no farther favour from me. So saying, I disengaged myself from his arms, so rudely that he fell to the ground. I then ran to the closet door, and crossing his chamber, returned hastily into my own.

Cleonimus entered at the same time. Dear Cleonimus, said I, save Alcione. My confusion, and these words which I uttered, greatly surprised him. He earnestly asked the cause of my uneasiness. I then acquainted him with what had just happened; and how the perfidy of Astiages openly favoured his uncle's wishes. Cleonimus was less astonished than I had expected at what I told him concerning Bagistan. He assured me, that he had long known him to be a bad man, but would save me from his fury at the risk of his own life; and that Theander was too much esteemed in the city for the base old man to dare to use violence against me. He was of opinion too, that I should not yet reveal the fatal secret to my husband. Bagistan confounded and enraged at what had passed between us, did not for some time come to see me. He had hurt himself when I threw him from me; but pretended to have fallen upon his stair-case. Theander did all that he could to persuade me to pay him a visit; but this I avoided under various pretexts.

Some

Some days after this, the perfidious Astiages meeting me again; madam, said he, cruelty well becomes such lovely women as you; but you ought in pity, at least to visit him, whose soul and body are both wounded by yourself. Enraged at this discourse, I abruptly replied, Astiages, my patience is exhausted; and I will shew you, that I am not insensible to the offences you have dared to offer me. Madam, replied Astiages, as he left me, I have reason to believe, that you are not thus insensible to all the world.

To this reproach I paid little notice. But, Bagistan who durst no more return, kept his spies about me, who gave him a particular account of all my actions. Astiages attached to him by bare views of interests had dishonestly deserted the cause of his brother, given himself up to serve the bare schemes of his uncle. He soon understood my friendship for Cleonimus, and my confidence in that virtuous friend of Theander's. Astiages then took advantage of appearances, to infuse suspicions into the mind of his brother. But, Theander, knowing my sentiments and those of his friend, gave an unfavourable hearing to whatever was said by Astiages, to prompt him to jealousy. The traitor coming to dine with us, one day, when Theander

der was speaking to Cleonimus, came up to me, and said, madam, to make my peace with you, I will no longer speak of Bagistan; let Cleonimus be the subject of our conversation. In this case, replied I abruptly, you will speak of a man who deserves my esteem, and the esteem of all the world. I doubt, replied the treacherous Astiages, if this virtue so severe against Bagistan, has been equally firm against the merits of a young lover. But, we must teach the unsuspecting Theander to discern his true friends better;—and then he left me.

Although my conscience gave me confidence; yet this reproach did not fail to occasion to me the most lively concern. I resolved to see Cleonimus no more.

But, shall I make the avowal? The tender friendship I had for him, and my confidence in his virtue prevented me from persisting in this resolution. I ever thought with myself, that to consent to the dismissal of my friend would be to acknowledge to Astiages, that his suspicions were not groundless. With these thoughts in my mind I went down into the garden whither Theander and Cleonimus soon after followed me. My husband being obliged to go into the city upon business, left me alone with
Cleonimus.

Cleonimus. That generous friend observing some alteration in my countenance, asked the reason, and I simply repeated to him the conversation I had held with Astiages.

Cleonimus heard me, without emotion. Madam, said he, your enemies have reason for wishing to keep me at a distance from you. They too well know, that I shall always oppose their infamous practices. Besides, I must confess they are not wrong in suspecting that I love you; yes, I love Alcione a thousand times more than I love myself. But, I call heaven to witness the purity and innocence of my affection, which has never excited in my breast any desires inconsistent with regard for Theander. But, it becomes criminal, since it is made a means of disturbing your peace and staining your reputation. Please heaven! I shall never prefer the felicity of seeing you to your peace and honour.

Cleonimus uttered these words with an air so melancholy that I was sensibly affected: my friendship for him ever increased, when I saw him prefer my interest to his own. No, Cleonimus, said I, giving him my hand, I can never consent to this painful parting. I cannot help confessing to you, that next after Theander, you are to me the dearest person

son in the world. I will never make myself unhappy, in order to give Astiages the satisfaction he requires. My virtue blames me not in this instance; and what avails the suspicion of the basest of men? —We continued therefore to see each other, as before. Nay, to spite Astiages, I would often favour Cleonimus with many marks of my kindness even in his presence.

Bagistan was still in love, and could not keep his resolution. He began to see me again. But I took the greatest care never to be left alone with him, and Cleonimus was at great pains to assist my resolutions. Bagistan began to despair when he saw so many obstacles opposed to the success of his designs, and conceived the most violent hatred for the guardian of my virtue. But, he knew too much of the courage of Cleonimus, to shew his hatred openly. Astiages for the same reason, dissembled equally with him; but lost no opportunity of acquainting me with his suspicions. He did more. He one day left a billet upon my dressing-room table, the purport of which was, that I had been too much honoured by my alliance with them, to be justifiable in shewing so little respect for his family; and that I ought to think whether in such a case, vengeance should not be sought with fire and sword.

I cannot

I cannot express the astonishment with which I read these words. I immediately determined to carry this billet to Theander and to communicate to him all that had passed. Cleonimus, who happened to enter my chamber just as I was forming this resolution, begged me to defer the explanation a few days longer, and I was accordingly persuaded to silence. I satisfied myself with asking Theander to carry us out of Babylon for a short time, and he consented. But Bagistan and Astiages, being highly provoked at my departure, had recourse to the basest means for vengeance.

Cleonimus came almost every day to see us, and in the evening used to return to Babylon. As the house to which we had retired was at no great distance from the city, he used to come and go by himself, and without any other weapon than his sword. He was, one evening attacked by three men, who threw their javelins upon him, all at once. Happily however he received no harm. He overtook one of the assassins, and finding him unarmed, thrust his sword through his body. Hardly was this enemy laid on the ground when the other two returned to attack Cleonimus. But the horse of him who was slain hindered them from coming upon him, both at once. Cleonimus parried the

attack of him who came on most vigorously, and by a back-stroke, cut off the hand which held his sword. The other instantly fled. Cleonimus being better mounted than he, soon came up with him. He might easily have killed him, but was content with seizing him. What harm have I done thee, said he, that thou shouldest seek to take away my life? I know thee not; who has made thee my enemy? Ah! sir, replied the man, it is too true that I have no reason to be your enemy. Astiages and Bagistan have promised my companions and me ten talents, to assassinate you. Cleonimus, although surpris'd, was too well acquainted with the baseness of his enemies to doubt the truth of what he heard. He set the man at liberty, and begged him to keep the adventure a secret, as indeed he might have been sufficiently disposed to do, of himself.

Cleonimus returned to Babylon, but made no mention of what had happened. Next day, as soon as he was dress'd, he waited on Astiages. Your purpose, said he, has fail'd of success, and the men whom you employ'd as ministers of your malice, have received a different reward from what they expected. I might without shame or sorrow, avenge myself upon you; but I shall be satisfied with convincing

vincing you of the baseness of your conduct. Reflect, Astiages, that a man of your profession knows more honourable means for ridding himself of an enemy. In regard to Theander, I am willing to restrain my resentment, and not cover his brother with merited disgrace. Cleonimus, as he ended these words, left Astiages, without waiting to hear his reply.

We had already heard of this adventure from some peasants. Theander mounting his horse, went immediately to visit his friend. Cleonimus gave him an account of the affair, but concealed the circumstances by which it had been occasioned. Theander could not penetrate into the mystery, but rejoiced to see his friend safe. He went next to see Astiages, who was so confounded at what had been said to him by Cleonimus, that he hardly knew his brother again. The traitor considering that his guilt could not remain always concealed, resolved to be first with Theander. With this view he represented the intimacy between Cleonimus and me in the blackest colours. He told him that his dishonourable intercourse with me was not unknown to him, and that his friendship for a man who so basely imposed upon him, rendered him ridiculous in the eyes of the whole city.

Theander looking on him with disdain, replied, you are too officious, Aftiages; I believe that I have already told you of my being thoroughly acquainted with the characters of both Alcione and Cleonimus. If you feel so little for the dishonour of our house, be not surpris'd, however, if others belonging to it, are of a different mind, and employ the most disagreeable measures even, to put a stop to a disorder which you only refuse to see,—that regard to the honour of their family should arm them against those who basely seek to stain it. Theander enraged at these words; and not doubting that Aftiages was an accomplice against Cleonimus, replied, traitor, thou hast shewn but too openly what thou art. Disgrace to thy family! where canst thou point out such another instance of worthlessness? Aftiages struck with consternation at hearing this language, yet assumed a degree of confidence, and replied, to any other than a brother, would I instantly shew that such reproaches are not to be thrown out against me with impunity. Cleonimus by whom you have been impressed with this base suspicion, shall perhaps learn to judge better of me. Theander despising this empty menace, left Aftiages without deigning a reply. He went straight to Cleonimus; my brother, said he, is a scoundrel, but we are not answerable for his crimes; and
surely,

surely, my friend, your resentment against him will not extend to me. Cleonimus surpris'd at this speech could not hide from Theander what he had suffered from Astiages. Theander, while his friend spoke, a thousand times curs'd his unhappy destiny which had connect'd him with so worthless a race. He then mentioned to Cleonimus all that Astiages had said to move his suspicions, and awaken his mind to jealousy. Cleonimus casting on a look of pensive sadness, replied, I well knew that fortune would envy me the happiness I have enjoyed in your friendship. After being thus suspected by Astiages and Bagistan I may no longer continue my intercourse with you; I must no more see Alcione and Theander. I must leave them, lest I should be the mean of disturbing their tranquillity which I am no less desirous to see permanent than they themselves. Theander embracing Cleonimus with much affection, said, I had rather part for ever with Astiages and Bagistan, than lose such a friend as you. Let them avoid your sight. It is for traitors, for them to flee, not for you whose sincere friendship constitutes half my happiness. Cleonimus felt his heart melt. O Gods! cried he, should not I be a thousand times more guilty than they, if I could think but for a moment of betraying you? Alcione will inform you, dear Theander, of the true cause

of the hatred of Bagistan and Astiages for me. It was at my request, she concealed their horrid conspiracy from your ears. Theander pressed for a farther explanation, but Cleonimus eluded the request.

Theander returning home, repeated all this to me, and asked an explanation of the hint dropped by Cleonimus. I then gave him an account of the whole affair, without concealing the criminal purposes of his uncle. He expressed his detestation of the baseness of Astiages; but instead of shewing any resentment against Bagistan, only laughed at what I told. Alcione, said he, I am not at all surprised at what you tell me of Bagistan. I know him to be capable of all this. But, his age should rather move your pity, than excite your fears. Had you told me rather, I should have made you laugh yourself at the ridiculous old man. I could not approve the levity with which Theander treated this affair. Cleonimus and he both advised me to shew less severity to Bagistan. We returned to Babylon. Astiages could not bear the sight of his brother, but left the house, and went to live with his uncle.

Within a few days after this, Darius having lost the battle of Issus, retired to Babylon, to muster new troops. During the king's stay in the city, I
was

was not much troubled with Bagistan's visits. But, the old man, when he saw that Theander, instead of being offended with his love, rather studied to give him opportunities of seeing me, made the best use of this advantage, and redoubled his persecution of me. In vain did Theander strive to persuade me to receive him more kindly; I told Bagistan that he had no favours to expect from me. Bagistan at last persuaded himself that the chief obstacle to the accomplishment of his wishes lay with Cleonimus, and resolved to have him dismissed or made away with, by some means or other. He tried again to promote a quarrel between him and Theander. But his success did not correspond to his wishes; and his rage rose at last to such a pitch, that he determined to ruin him, and to involve me in the same scheme of vengeance. By his influence over Theander, he had obliged him to see Astiages again. The following was the artifice which they employed to accomplish their wicked intentions.

Theander was one evening coming home from the palace, when by the light of a flambeau in the hands of one of his servants, he saw one of my women going out from the house. Surprised at meeting her, he called her by her name. The perfidious woman feigning great surprise, cried, O Gods!

Gods! I am undone; and at the same time tore a paper which she had in her hands. This Theander saw with new surprise. He went close up to the woman, and said, where art thou going, and what paper is this thou hast torn? Whither wast thou carrying it? Ah! my lord, replied she, I am guilty, but my lady and I are more innocent in reality than in appearance; if I have torn the letter, it was my foolish fear that made me do so. To whom wast thou carrying it? returned Theander hastily. My lady ordered me to deliver it to Cleonimus. These words were a dagger to Theander's heart. What! Alcione send thee, at this hour, and in the condition in which I see thee, to Cleonimus? Ah! sir, replied the wicked creature, would I were dead, since my imprudence may perhaps be the cause of your conceiving unjust suspicions against my mistress. Theander now beginning to drink the poison they had prepared for him, ordered this woman into the house, and enjoining her silence as she valued her life.

I was alarmed at his anxiety and sorrow which were but too visible as he went to bed. My concern for his health hindered me from sleeping; but his frequent sighs soon convinced me, that the ailment was rather in his soul than in his body. I earnestly enquired the cause. He obstinately refused to acquaint

acquaint me with it. Soon as day appeared, he arose, went out, and returned not till night, when he shut himself up in his own apartment. I was distressed to find that he avoided me, and passed the night in the utmost anxiety at so unaccountable a change. Next morning, I went to him, and ran to take him in my arms. Theander, said I, do I intrude upon you unseasonably? Yes, you do, replied he coldly; I shall be obliged to you, to leave me. These words, and the tone in which they were pronounced, chilled my heart with sudden fear. Ah! Theander, cried I, you have then ceased to love me. At first he only sighed. But after looking upon me for some time; madam, I asked you to leave me alone, but since you refuse to oblige me so far, I must quit the place; and then he went away.

I returned into my chamber in deep distress, and sent instantly for Cleonimus, who could not any more than I, conjecture the cause of Theander's sudden melancholy. He spoke to him, but could obtain no explanation. He even saw that his conversation was troublesome, and returned to inform me of this new matter of surprise to us both. Our enemies had officiously led the unhappy Theander to take notice of all the visits which I in the mean
time

time received from the tender friendship of Cleonimus. The affliction I now endured, made me more than ever desirous of his company; and the necessity in which I found myself of confiding my griefs to him, even redoubled the jealousy of my unhappy husband.

I had laid me down one day upon my bed; and in consequence of the watchings and anxiety which had exhausted my spirits and frame, was fallen half asleep. Theander entered my chamber, as I was in this situation; although he had not been in it for several days before. My desire to know the state of his mind made me pretend, as if I had been asleep. He walked about for some time in profound silence. Then sitting down by my bed-side, and fixing his eyes on my countenance, I could easily perceive what agitation the sight of me produced in his mind. His passion prompted him to break through that silence which he had resolved to maintain. Cruel Alcione, said he, canst thou possibly be unfaithful? I was so affected by these words, that I instantly arose and seizing him by the arm, cried, Just Heaven! can Theander suspect me of being unfaithful. He lifted his hand to his eyes, to hide his tears, which flowed, in spite of the restraint which he put upon himself. Alcione, said he;

he; I do all that I can to justify you to my own heart. But, alas! my efforts are vain. Can Theander really think me unfaithful, then? said I. I would give my life to be assured of your innocence, replied he. Ah! if I am guilty, kill me; I shall not murmur; but I am faithful as becomes a wife, then restore me your love; for I cannot live without it. Theander but little affected by my distress, said, as he left me, that I had surely mistaken him for Cleonimus. These words were a thunderstroke to me. At that instant Cleonimus came in, and was terrified at the condition in which he saw me. I made no secret of the occasion of my tears. I must restore my friend his peace of mind, said he. Although my affection for you has never led me to form a wish inconsistent with what I owe to Theander, yet I feel that it is more than bare friendship. I leave you, dear Alcione; but, as I sacrifice myself to your peace, may I not hope to have some share in your remembrance? Ah! forget not that Cleonimus loves you more than his own life, and that neither time nor distance of place can even efface your image from his soul. I was so affected by what he said, that I could not help expressing to him what pain I felt at his departure. Cleonimus had too much virtue to desire to witness my weakness longer, and therefore immediately left me.

When

When he was gone, I abandoned myself to despair. But the care of my reputation restored me to reason, and gave me strength to repair next morning to the chamber of Theander whom I found asleep. I kneeled by his bed, and in that posture remained till he awaked. He saw me when he opened his eyes, and turned his head to the other side. Madam, said he, cannot you leave me at rest?—I was prepared for this reception. No, cruel man, said I, I will not leave you at rest, till you restore what you have taken from me. Theander, in the name of the Gods, if you have yet any remembrance of the tenderness with which you once regarded me, conceal not the fault by which I have drawn upon myself your hatred. Cleonimus offended at your suspicions of his virtue and friendship, has left this fatal place. If his departure is not enough to remove your uneasiness, Alcione is ready to die, and will bless your hand while it strikes the fatal blow. My distress, said he, may press me down to the grave, but shall never raise my arm against her whom I have but too dearly loved. Live; but hope not to revive a tenderness which you have abused. This language deprived me of the small share of calm reason that remained to me. I sprung up furiously, and seizing a knife which lay upon the table, went up to his bedside. Ungrateful!

grateful! hard-hearted man! said I, look upon her whom thou callest unfaithful. Since thou dar'st not kill me, my own hand shall be bolder than thine, and perpetrate what thou wishest to see. Know that thou art the most cruel of men; thy jealousy has deprived thee of the best of friends, and is about to ravish from thee the fondest and most faithful of wives. Theander now turned his head, screamed with horror, and sprung from his bed to oppose my rash purpose. It was too late: I had already plunged the knife in my bosom. The unfortunate Theander fell with me to the ground, and glueing his lips, shewed by his wild distress, how much the sentiments of his heart differed from his late words. He withdrew the knife from the wound. Dear Alcione, cried he, thou hast been but too faithful to a barbarous, ungrateful husband. But, alas! for thy life I have only the life of a ruffian to give. So saying, he plunged into his own heart the fatal knife, yet reeking with my blood. His last care was to testify by the warmest embraces that he believed me innocent and worthy of his affection.

Weak as I was, I had not lost all sense. The tenderness Theander expressed for me redoubled my grief, and rendered that death which seemed so

near, a thousand times more terrible. I looked at Theander whose blood mingled with mine, as it flowed. Dear, cruel husband, said I, was not my own death terrible enough, although I had not been loaded with the additional guilt of yours? Kind Alcione, replied he, fixing his dying eyes on me, why cannot I ransom your life with my own? My unjust suspicions have occasioned your death! Why should I survive you?

My father and mother at this instant arrived. They sent for the ablest surgeons, and were eager to lend us all possible assistance. Leave me, said I to them; I am the cause of Theander's death. Have done, kill me, Polemon, cried my husband: I am the murderer of Alcione. The surgeons speedily examined our wounds. Look at Theander's, said I, and heal him, if you wish me to live. Save Alcione, said Theander, and leave me to die. They will save both, said Polemon. But, in God's name, and by your mutual tenderness, let them do their duty. We yielded to my father's request. The surgeons found Theander's wound more dangerous than mine. After our wounds were dressed, they proposed that we should part. But, this we both opposed. I feel that I am dying, said Theander; let me pass the few moments I have yet to live,

live, with my Alcione; deny me not this last consolation. Then turning to me, he asked my pardon for his unkindness in terms which might have softened the hardest heart. Ah! Theander, said I, interrupting him, you have made but too dear a reparation: it is the loss of this blood which was always so dear to me that I cannot pardon. Would to heaven! said Theander, that all my blood had been wasted, if it might only have saved yours. I am the occasion of your death. At peril of my life, I ought rather to have defended you against base suspicion.

The woman whose detestable artifice had produced this bloody tragedy now threw herself at our feet, and confessed that she had been hired to betray us, by Astiages and Bagisan. Well, dear husband, said I to Theander, are you satisfied with what this confession brings in my justification? Ah! said he, I should have wished, that instead of inflicting on yourself the punishment due to my crime, you had struck this knife into the heart of your ungrateful and cruel husband. This is the only fault I can reproach you with, the only one I cannot pardon you. Great Gods, continued he, since it is your pleasure, that I should die before I can punish the perfidy of Astiages, deign to punish

him yourselves, and avenge on Bagistan and on him the blood so inhumanly spilt by their rage. Polemon interrupted Theander, begging him to be silent, as the Physicians had ordered. He held his peace, but his strength was fast wasting. The surgeons, next day, dressed our wounds, and said that I might recover, but declared that they had no hopes of the recovery of Theander. Alcione shall not die, then, cried my husband with a joy which brightened the shades of death upon his countenance; she shall not die! Heaven be praised! Heaven is too just to punish her for my guilt.

One of the servants of Cleonimus, in the mean time, came in; Theander knew and called him to him; and then taking a letter which the man had been sent to deliver to him, begged Polemon to read it. It ran, as follows;

“Would to God, dear Theander, that I followed my resolution of leaving you, while I was innocent in your eyes. I should then have felt only my own misfortune in being parted from you. I know not how I may persuade you of my innocence. Unless you judge by your own sentiments of mine, it would be vain for me to seek to justify myself by protestations. It is true, I confess, that I loved
Alcione

Alcione as my own life; and I should perhaps say rather that I loved her as sincerely as you. But, Theander, this I never made a secret of, to you. However high it might rise, it was never criminal. I complain neither of your suspicions, nor of my banishment; and I agree, that if my intentions have been innocent, there has been a degree of imprudence in my actions. I shall bear the sufferings due, without a murmur, my dear Theander, provided that you cease to hate me, and do me the favour to believe that in the whole course of our friendship I never betrayed you, and although I lose your friendship, I shall still remain tenderly attached to you."

If the unhappy condition of Theander had not oppressed all the faculties of my soul, I should have been sensibly affected by this letter. My husband could not hear it without tears. O Cleonimus, did I not die to expiate my crime, how could I hope for your forgiveness? I have made myself unworthy of your remembrance and friendship. Dear Alcione, continued he, I feel, that my last hour is near; I adore you; you love me; and I have not fortitude to bear the horrors of our separation. I have two favours to ask of you before I die. Allow me comfort of hoping that you will not re-

fuse to grant them. Make no attempts upon a life which was once consecrated to me; and if the Gods shall ever restore you Cleonimus, love him, as you have loved Theander, and give him your hand of which he is worthier than I. Theander then fainted away and breathed his last.

I shall not attempt to express my despair at so mournful a sight. I first burst out into a temporary transport of madness, which was succeeded by a swoon from which I did not for a long while recover. When sense and thought returned, it was only to remind me of all the horrors of my lot. The virtuous Polemon by joining my sorrow calmed its transports. Pensive melancholy succeeded. My father, no less affected than I myself, by my misfortunes, left Babylon and the detestable family of Theander for ever. He retired to this place of retreat. Here I continually weep for a husband whom I adored, and whose remembrance will never be effaced from my memory. And happy were I, did not the memory of Cleonimus at times affect my heart with sorrow too tender, for the absence of so dear a friend.

ADVENTURE.

ADVENTURE
OF A
YOUNG MOOR.

IN Spain, in the days of the valiant Ferdinand, king of Arragon, there was a young gentleman who was distinguished no less by his virtue than by his courage. His name was Rodrigo de Narvaz. He performed such splendid actions, when Ferdinand took the city of Antekio from the Moors, as drew upon him the admiration of the whole army. His liberality gained him the affection not only of the soldiers; but even rendered him a favourite with the enemy, many of whom ranged themselves under his banners; and gloried in being under the command of so great a captain. In gratitude for his services, the king intrusted him with the government of all the country *he had subdued*. To it was also joined the territory of Alaura in which he remained almost constantly with a strong garrison for the security of the place.

As indolence and inactivity are insufferable to men of courage, the Governor of Alaura sallied out one night, with nine well-mounted cavaliers attending him,

him, to see whether the Moors kept strict watch upon their frontiers. They rode on, without noise, for fear of being discovered, and halted in a cross way, near a strength of the enemy's. After reasoning on what it was proper for them to do, they agreed to part into two bands; of which the first that met with any alarm should sound, and give the alarm to the other. The Governor, at the head of four of his party went one way; and the other five went another. After marching on for a quarter of an hour, they heard some person sing at a small distance, and from the softness of his voice and the tenderness of the air, judged it to be the song of a lover. They retired to wait in ambush behind some trees which were by the way side. The moon then shone so bright, that she irradiated the country as if it had been day. They soon perceived a young Moor, handsome, and of a dignified air. He rode upon a fine, and majestic steed; his horse-furniture was of crimson damask. The rider wore a vest of the same colour, embroidered with gold, and a small tress of silver; several small globes of gold dangled from his scymetar; his turban was equally rich and gay; in his right he held a javelin; and in the other a buckler. The Moor, in this garb, came riding on, singing still as he advanced, some Arabic verses.

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Any other than our Spanish Cavaliers would have taken a pleasure to hear him; but the profit they hoped from so rich a prize charmed them more than his song. They left their place of ambuscade, and rushed upon him with a degree of impetuosity which might have terrified him, if he had been less hardened against the dangers of war. But, great as was his surprise, he defended himself with so much courage and intrepidity that they saw him to be no less valiant than amorous. He first disabled three; and although the two that remained, wanted not spirit, they could not have long withstood so formidable an enemy, if he had not happened to drop his javelin. He then turned and pretended to flee, His two antagonists pursued. The artful Moor soon turned upon them, pressed on his horse with the spurs, and made his way through the midst of them, like a flash of lightning. Then springing lightly to the ground, he took up his javelin, and with it in his hand again seated himself in the saddle. The Spanish Cavaliers then perceiving that wounded as he was, he still returned the charge, gave the alarm to their companions. The governor was, happily at no great distance from them, otherwise they might have met with the fate of their fallen companions. Narvaz was astonished above measure at the exploits of the young Moor. So many instances

ces of superior valour made him desirous of trying his own courage against the brave youth. He told him, that a man who could be so happy as to prevail over him needed to seek no other occasion to signalize himself; for his reputation would then be sufficiently established; and added that, if fortune favoured him so far, she should have no farther boon to ask.

As he ended these words, he made his attendants retire, and after giving his word of honour that the conquered should remain a prisoner with the conqueror, began a furious engagement with the gallant Moor. Each made efforts exceeding human vigour to vanquish his opponent. The Moor was no less brave or dexterous than Rodrigo de Narvaz, and would never have been reduced to the mortifying necessity of begging his life, had it not been for a wound he received in the thigh which rendered him unfit to manage his horse. He however summoned up all his remaining vigour, and aimed so dreadful a blow against his enemy that if the Governor had not happily parried it, the contest must have ended with his death. But, his strength was not so much exhausted as the Moor's. The amorous youth fell to the ground. The Governor sprang eagerly upon him, and reminded him of the conditions upon which

which they fought. Since the fortune of arms is so much against me, replied the Moor, I am willing to owe my life to your generosity.

After binding up his wound which was but slight, the Governor mounted his horse and took the way to Alaura, with his prisoner. He kept his eyes fixed upon him, and was not less pleased with his person than he had been with his valour. Being a man of penetration, he soon saw, that the young Moor had some other subject of uneasiness beside his late disgrace; for he sighed frequently and maintained a sullen silence. The Governor strove to cheer him, and obligingly addressed him, as follows. Sir, to sigh thus for being conquered is a piece of weakness unworthy of so manly a heart: for I think that your wound gives all the uneasiness which you seem to feel. But, whatever be the matter, only open your heart to me, and I promise you, upon the faith of a gentleman, that you shall have no reason to repent of having made me your confidant; if I can be in the least useful to you, I shall ardently strive to serve you.

The Moor charmed with the gallantry of his conqueror, replied, generous conqueror, since you thus take part in my anxieties, do me the honour to communicate

municate your name. The Governor satisfied his curiosity by telling him that he was commander in Alaura, and that his master, the king of Castile, was daily heaping new favours upon him.

It afforded the prisoner some consolation in his misfortune, to think, that he had fallen into the hands of a man of such high reputation. Believe me, said he, it is not the loss of my liberty which gives me this uneasiness; nor yet the shame of being conquered by a man of such valour as yours. I have other subjects of uneasiness; some circumstances in my fortune, and the situation in which I was, not a quarter of an hour ago, I shall mention. My name is Abencerago, and I am of that family in Grenada which has produced so many heroes and great politicians. The King esteemed them, and distinguished them with honours. Whether they proposed their advices to the council, or performed some warlike enterprize, every thing still succeeded with them, in a manner which fully answered the high ideas which had been formed of their understanding and valour. They were of a liberal and polite character. They were gallant, and however serious and important their employments, never neglected to distinguish themselves by their good taste in the feasts with which they daily entertained the

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the ladies. No lady but thought herself honoured in having an Abencerago for a lover. But, the fickleness of fortune soon hurried them into an abyss of miseries in which they were cruelly overwhelmed.

For reasons which I never could learn, two of the Abenceragoes were disgraced: and upon their disgrace, enemies who had never before dared to declare themselves, threw off the masque. They accused the heads of my family of a conspiracy against the king's life, by which they purposed to make themselves masters of the kingdom. Except my father and my uncle, all the Abenceragoes were beheaded. This was executed so speedily, and with such secrecy that the people could make no attempts in their favour. Their houses were razed to the ground, their property confiscated, and their families sent into lasting banishment. My father and uncle were permitted to remain at Grenada, on condition, that their male children should be banished. and their daughters given in marriage to strangers.

I was born at this unfortunate juncture and was sent to Catarma. The captain of that Castle had long been my father's friend. I was brought up by him, as if I had been his own son; and the secret

of my birth was confined to his own breast. He was a widower, was very rich, and had an only daughter. We were of the same age. He treated us with the same kindness; and was equally careful of my education as of her's. The relation of brother and sister gave us a natural affection for one another. But, this was, at first merely childish friendship, although it soon became so ardent a passion, that I for my part could not easily confine it within the limits prescribed by prudence.

Charifa was the name of this charming girl. She was one day, dressing her head in an arbour of jessamine. Her charms made so lively an impression upon me, that I went nearer that I might have the better view of them; and so much did I admire her, that I an hundred times wished, she had not been my sister. She observed me, approached, and asked why I had left her so long alone. I have been seeking you for more than this hour, said I; nobody could tell me where you were; and had not my heart whispered it to me, I should not have found you. But, resumed I, after pausing a few moments, how do you know me to be your brother? She shewed surprise at this language, and replied, that her natural tenderness for me convinced her of it, as her father's uniform kindness to me. But, replied

plied I, in the ardour of my passion, if I were not your brother, would your conduct be still the same to me? Would you love me still? Why replied she innocently, should you trifle thus? You know that if I were not your sister, we should not be allowed to see each other so often. Let us remain as we are, then, said I; for I find that I could not live, if I were parted from you. I pronounced these last words with so passionate an air, that she changed colour as she heard them. To give her time to recover from her confusion, I amused myself with gathering sprigs of Jessamine, added myrrh and wreathed a garland which I put on my head, and then returned to her. She seemed to view me with an air of increasing tenderness, took away my crown, and put it on her own head. I had never seen her so charming as at this moment. I was in an extasy of delight. I know not whether she observed this; but she asked what I was thinking of, when I looked upon her. Methinks, replied I, that I see you the queen of every heart, and the empire of the world at your feet. If it were so, said she, you should share it with me.

The sentiments with which Charifa inspired me were too violent to belong to any other passion than love. I yielded to the sweet allurements; and in

spite of appearances, was persuaded, that I was not her brother. We were soon fully convinced of this.

Charifa's father was made Governor of Coin. As he had taken charge of my education with the king's consent, he resolved, upon this to leave me at Catarma, with his successor. When he received this order, he took an early opportunity of carrying me, and having informed me of the misfortunes of my family, told me, who I was. I felt all the joy of which a lover's heart can be susceptible upon such an occasion. But, my joy was counterbalanced by grief at the thoughts of Charifa's departure. I sought for an opportunity of conversing with her, without witnesses.——Ah! cried I, when we met, we must part; think of your slave, when you shall see him no more. I could say no more. She seemed to be as much affected as I. She gave me her hand, and said; nothing could console me for the loss of so dear a brother, did I not hope to obtain you for my husband. I cast myself at her feet, and rather by signs than by words signified, that marriage with her would gratify my fondest wishes. She told me, that we must not flatter ourselves with the hope of obtaining her father's consent, who was too ambitious, to receive so unfortunate a youth for his son-in-law; but promised, to let me know as soon

as she could find a proper occasion for our joining in a permanent union.

I left her, cheered by this kind assurance. But, her departure reduced me to a state of despair; and I was for some days, in all the horrors of *absence*. That lovely maid judging of my anxiety by her own, sent me notice on the very day, on which her father, by the king's orders set out for Grenada, that she would expect me, that night; that all measures were taken for the accomplishment of our marriage, and that we were in no danger of a discovery, for those in whom she had confided, were entirely in our interests. You see, continued the amorous Abencerago, that the misfortune which has befallen me disconcerts all my measures, and renders me the most unhappy of men.

The governor had too feeling a heart not to be affected by the sad story of the young Moor. He told him, with an air of compassion, that he would shew the esteem he had conceived for so brave a man to be more than a counterpoise to his misfortunes. Pledge your word, added he, that you will return and surrender yourself my prisoner, within three days; and I will allow you to proceed on your present journey. I should be extremely unhappy,

were I to stand at all in the way of your happiness. Abencerago charmed with his generosity, swore that nothing but death should hinder him from returning, on the morrow, to Alaura.

The governor called his attendants, and told them that he was going to dismiss the prisoner, upon his promise to return, but would answer to them for his ransom. In addition to this favour, he gave the young Moor another horse, as his own was wounded.

Abencerago proceeded, at full gallop, upon the road to Coin. Love seemed to have lent him wings. He knocked at a gate to which he had been directed. It was opened by a confidant of Charifa's. No sooner had he alighted from his horse than she conducted him to her mistress's apartment; saying that she had long waited for him, and had been in great anxiety on his account. The fair Charifa received him with the utmost joy; and it would be difficult to repeat the fond and passionate things which now passed between them.

They had not been long together, when notice was brought, that all was ready for their nuptials. The ceremony was performed in great secre-

cy. A few moments after they were in bed together, Abencerago felt himself uneasy with his wound; and his concern at finding that he could not remain with his new married wife, added to his uneasiness. Some sighs escaped him. Charifa understood these in a way unfavourable to her passion, and in some confusion asked, if joy was so short-lived, or if he already repented of his engagement. Heavens! cried he, can you doubt the ardour and constancy of my passion. My sighs arise from the despair I feel at the thought of quitting you. He then gave her an account of his late adventure; but for fear of alarming her, concealed the circumstance of his being wounded. Make yourself easy, replied she; I have wherewith to pay your ransom; my father's money is all at my disposal. He replied, that as he had promised to the governor, he must, of necessity, return. Well, then, answered she, I am determined to follow you; I am resolved to run the same risks as you; while you are a prisoner, should I remain at liberty? You restore me to life, cried he, by so affecting a proof of your tenderness; I should love you more than ever, if it were possible for my love to admit of any increase.

They hastened away with the precipitation of persons afraid of a discovery and pursuit. When
they

they reached the gates of Alaura, notice was sent to the governor who came out to meet them. Abencerago presenting his wife, said, that he had more than fulfilled his promise, having brought two prisoners, instead of one. The governor pleased with his conduct, said to Charifa, that he felt himself flattered by her confidence, and begged her to command in his castle as if she were at Coin.

He then conducted them into the castle. A sumptuous collation was served up before them. The governor having asked the young Moor, how his wound was; What! cried Charifa, in the utmost alarm, are you wounded? Abencerago begged her to give herself no uneasiness, for that his wound was not at all dangerous. She however intreated that he would immediately retire to rest. Surgeons were called in who promised him a compleat cure within eight or ten days.

Abencerago acquainted the governor, that his interference would be necessary to obtain their pardon from the father of Charifa. Rodrigo de Narvaz was of himself so much disposed to do them this service, that he instantly dispatched a gentleman to Grenada, to intercede for them with the king.

This man was well qualified for the commission
in

in which he was employed. He succeeded so happily, that the prince sent immediate orders to the governor of Coin, to repair to Alaura, to pardon his children, and bring them back with him to the seat of his government; promising that if his obedience were ready and chearful, he should thereby acquire a new title to the royal favour.

This order appeared not a little harsh to the father of Charifa. But, he was too wise a politician to make any open display of his resentment. He performed exactly what was required of him. He repaired to Alaura, where he was received with high marks of distinction by the governor who had received previous intimation of his approach. Abencerago and his wife threw themselves at his feet, and in terms of profound submission and respect, asked his pardon. He raised them, and promised to forget the past, since such was the royal pleasure of the king his master.

The governor of Alaura was highly pleased with having extricated the young Moor from the perplexities of his situation. In testimony of his joy, he entertained his guests with a splendid festival. He told Abencerago that he would accept no other ransom for him, but the glory of having vanquished him

him in fight; that he was from that moment free; and might leave Alaura whenever he thought proper. The young Moor handsomely expressed his gratitude for so much kindness, and next day, departed with his father-in-law, and his wife.

Public acclamations hailed their entrance into Coin; and feasts were held, in honour of the new-married pair. The time of these rejoicings being ended, the father of Charifa mentioned to Abencerago, that he ought not to suffer himself to be outdone in generosity, but should pay his ransom to the Governor of Alaura. Four thousand double pistoles were accordingly sent to Rodrigo de Narvaz; and to this sum was added a present of six of the best Spanish horses, with very rich housings. The fair Charifa sent him a box of Cypress wood, containing many valuable toys, and with these, a very elegant and obliging letter. Of all these presents he reserved to himself only one horse, and distributed the rest to the cavaliers who were with him when Abencerago was made prisoner. The money he sent back to Charifa, saying that he was overpaid in her friendship.

They were all charmed with the governor of Alaura's generosity; and for several days could talk of nothing else.

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THE TRIUMPH OF
FRATERNAL FRIENDSHIP.

HERACLEA, a city upon the shore of the Euxine, in the kingdom of Pontus, was governed by a Senate. It long enjoyed perfect tranquility. But, the slaves having risen in rebellion against their masters, the city was by this event overwhelmed in ruin, and rendered a scene of the most horrible cruelties.

The rebels had chosen for their leader, one Clearchus, a man of a dark and violent character by whom crimes were esteemed as virtues whenever they could serve the purposes of his ambition. After forming a small army of those slaves, and making himself master of the city by their means, he called a meeting of the Senate, under pretence that he had terms for an accommodation to offer them. This, however, was nothing but a base artifice; for no sooner were the Senators assembled, than he ordered them all to be seized, and inhumanly butchered. In the same manner were all the rich citizens apprehended and murdered. Nor was this all. The wives of the unhappy men who were put to death, being thus left widows, he gave them in marriage

marriage among his accomplices, and thus at once raised those slaves to the fortunes, the honours, and the beds of their masters. The greater number of those virtuous women scorning to endure such an indignity, slew themselves, and fell upon the bodies of their husbands; and many of the young virgins imitating their courage, fell, in like manner, upon the bodies of their fathers and mothers.

Among these was one named Olympia who was passionately beloved by a young stranger. He was no less dear to her. But, her tender affection for her father and mother would not suffer her either to survive them, or to leave them unrevenge. She felt herself prompted, a thousand times, to stab the tyrant with her own hand. Nothing but the impossibility of success diverted her from this enterprise; but the resolution she took up instead of it, was no less desperate. She sent for her lover, who instantly obeyed the summons. Olympia then pointing to the body of her mother which lay all bloody on the floor of the chamber, and weeping said to him; Kion, you see the effects of Clearchus' rage; to this extremity has he reduced my mother, after butchering my father. I must die; for surely, you would not wish to see me dragged to the bed of some wretched slave. But, you must avenge my death;

if

if my entreaties cannot prevail with you, remember, that it is my dying command. After uttering these words, she drew a poniard, and at two strokes wounded herself to the heart. She fell down expiring upon her mother's body; and could only add; Clearchus, O Kion, is my murderer; avenge my death upon Clearchus.

These words from the mouth of his dying mistress, made a strong impression upon the lover's heart; and the consequence proved that if he had not courage to avenge, he had, at least, too much affection to survive her.

This young stranger had a brother named Leonidas, younger than he, with whom he was united in the ties of the most perfect friendship of which there has ever been any instance among mankind. Neither their country, nor their family was known. Only they were understood to have both studied in the school of Plato, and to have spent the last two years *in travelling through the different countries*, out of a desire for knowledge. Their original intention had been to traverse all Asia, as they had already surveyed great part of Europe. But, Kion's passion for Olympia, and the complaisance of Leonidas to so dear a brother had detained them both in Heraclea.

Kion, summoning up all the courage he could, ran hastily to his brother, and asked his assistance in avenging Olympia's death. Leonidas could refuse him nothing. And they resolved to act a part worthy of the love of the one, of the friendship of the other, and of the courage of both.

The tyrant never went out with fewer than two hundred guards about him. Thus invested with all the pomp of royalty, he imposed awe on those whom he had subdued, by the splendour of his apparatus and train. Not a day passed on which he did not signalize himself by some new murder. The remaining citizens were thus reduced to such despondency, that although they all wished for his death, none had courage to make any attempt upon his life. However Kion and Leonidas concerted between them this daring enterprise: and the glory of delivering Heraclea from the basest of tyrants combining to actuate them with the most pleasing emotions of love and friendship, they boldly executed the enterprise which they had resolved upon. Armed, each with a poniard, they repaired to the palace; under pretext of some difference which they desired to be settled, they obtained access to Clearchus; and managed matters so well, that while he was listening
to

to one of them, the other laid that infamous captain of slaves dead at his feet.

The guards immediately burst in upon them: but numbers could not terrify them. They threw themselves upon the pikes and lances of those soldiers and continued to hack them down, till they were at last overpowered by numbers. They were saved from instant death, that they might be reserved to some horrible punishment, and with this intention, were shut up in the same chamber with the body of the tyrant, and under the custody of guards.

This deed was however soon noised through the whole city of Heraclea. The courage of the inhabitants was roused, they ran to arms, and impatient to obtain at least the bodies of their deliverers who were said to be dead, crowded to the palace, besieged it, and at last obliged the slaves who were disposed as guards, to purchase their own lives by delivering up into their hands, the two brave brothers.

They were overjoyed, as may easily be conceived, to find the heroes alive. Their satisfaction burst forth in a thousand passionate modes of expressing it. Some seized the body of the tyrant, dragged it through the streets, and tore it in pieces. Others eagerly fell

at the feet of their deliverers, raised them upon their shoulders, and carried them in triumph to the senate house. Amid the extravagance of their gratitude, they forgot to dress the wounds of Kion and Leonidas. The city assumed a new aspect. Joy re-animated all hearts, and glowed on every face.

Kion alone still remained absorbed in the deepest melancholy. That generous and faithful lover could not think to survive his mistress. He seemed as if after executing her orders, he wished to go, and render her an account of what he had done. The two brothers desired that they might be left together. When Leonidas saw Kion steadily refuse the use of any remedy; brother said he, I think, I have shewn that I am not afraid of dying with you; but you may be still more assured that I cannot live without you. If you are resolved to die, tell me freely, that I may take no farther care of my own life. He then made the surgeons desist, and awaited his brother's reply. Kion looked tenderly upon him, and remonstrating that he had not the same reasons to make him wish to die, did all in his power, to divert him from his purpose. But Leonidas protested that he would suffer no care to be taken of himself unless his brother would imitate him; and Kion was at last obliged to live that he might save

save his dear Leonidas. The cure was but slowly effected, and it was reported that they were dead; but heaven reserved them for still stranger adventures.

In imitation of Heraclea, most of the other cities of Pontus whose governors had usurped a tyrannical authority, now shook off the yoke. Those petty princes, in order to recover the authority of which they had been divested, entered into a combination with Satyrus, brother to Clearchus. The cities leagued against them, levied troops for their common defence, and gave the command to the valiant Ariamenes. He distinguished himself in that war by a thousand brave actions, which it is not necessary to repeat here. Only it may be mentioned, that he defeated Satyrus and his companions in five different battles, and acquired such a reputation for valour, justice, and liberality, that the people of Pontus and Cappadocia unanimously chose him their king. The citizens of Heraclea likewise joined the general league, and sent a body of troops to Ariamenes under the conduct of Kion and Leonidas. The young warriors proved themselves worthy of the ideas which had been conceived of them; and the great Ariamenes several times confessed himself indebted for victory to their services. Satyrus was at last reduced to ask assistance from Ly-

simachus king of Thrace who, hoping to become sovereign of Asia himself, readily granted the aid which was requested.

Lyfimachus immediately began his march. He led an army of sixty thousand men against Ariamenes; and the war was renewed with greater fury than ever. But, the events of this war are to be noticed by us only so far as the two brothers were concerned in them. They went out to battle in the same armour: their casques and bucklers were decorated with the same figures and devices, representing the warmth and constancy of their friendship. They always fought together, or it may with more propriety be said, that they fought for one another. Kion was a second buckler to Leonidas, and Leonidas fought only to parry the strokes aimed at Kion. In short, it can hardly be said whether they distinguished themselves more by their friendship or their valour.

Lyfimachus having lost a great battle, retired to Chalcedon. Ariamenes pursued hard after him, and invested the town, which stands upon the Propontis at the mouth of the Euxine. The sea washes its walls on one side; and a rapid stream had been turned into the trenches which defend it on the
other.

other. All the adjacent country is marshy; and it was therefore difficult to form the siege.

Yet, these obstacles deterred not Ariamenes. With ships drawn from the neighbouring harbours he shut up every avenue against the Thracian prince. He at the same time drew his army nearer; and having made himself master of the outposts of the city in the course of a few days, he found means to use battering rams, by forming some bridges of boats. The force of the machines soon made a breach in the wall. The two brothers, then putting themselves at the head of their followers, mounted the breach, and against all opposition forced their way into the city.

Unfortunately, the impetuosity of their courage, turned out to their disadvantage. One of the besieged attacking Kion, brought him on his knees to the ground. Leonidas urged furiously upon the assailant, and pursued him as he retired, regardless of all opposition. Kion rose up in the mean time, and would not desert his brother, in a case to which he had exposed himself on his account. He followed where Leonidas led, bravely parrying the blows which was laid thick upon him. At last, however, they were overpowered by numbers, and
remained

remained in the power of the enemy. All their brave deeds served only to make them a better prize to Lyfimachus. The besiegers thus deprived of their aid, were repulsed, and the Thracians found time to repair their walls.

— In the mean time Kion and Leonidas who were only slightly wounded, were confined in two separate towers where the King of Thrace set a strict guard over them. His eldest son had been slain by Leonidas, at the last assault. That Prince's name was Diomedes; and he was the favourite son of Lyfimachus. His father had indeed such an affection for him that he could not resolve to leave him. He had even shared his royal authority with him. He was therefore more afflicted by his death than he could have been even by the overthrow of his kingdom. He did not long deliberate upon the sort of vengeance which he ought to exact; but no sooner saw the murderer of Diomedes in his hands, than he determined to put him to death. Those who had some influence with him, in vain reminded him of the laws of honour and of war. His resentment and ferocious cruelty of disposition prevailed over every other consideration. He ordered preparations to be made for celebrating the obsequies of Diomedes with magnificence, and resolved

ved that the blood of him by whom he had been slain should be shed on his funeral pile. But it was not known which of the two brothers had given the fatal stroke. The similitude of their arms and figure, rendered it impossible to distinguish. Lyfimachus therefore knew not whom to make his victim. After an unsuccessful endeavour to obtain some information from those who had witnessed his son's death, he enquired of the brothers themselves.

One of his captains named Evander, was employed to make this enquiry. He first asked Leonidas using the most delicate and artful means to draw the secret from him. He pitied and soothed him. He extolled the glorious deed he had done, and said that even the king admired his valour, although fatal to his own fondest hopes. Leonidas wishing to give his brother all the merit of the feats they had performed, replied that the praise was due solely to Kion, and he could not arrogate it to himself. Evander, now persuaded that Diomedes had been slain by Kion, went next to converse with him, that he might obtain additional confirmation of what he had heard from Leonidas. But, Kion's him honour and fraternal affection would not allow to claim the honours which his brother had earned.

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The king, upon hearing how, that Evander had been disappointed in his enquiry, found himself in great perplexity. He resolved to investigate the truth *himself*. He sent for the brothers; and as he was capable of the deepest dissimulation, began with expressing much kindness and respect for them. He protested, that it was not by his orders they had been put in confinement, and that he had sent for them in order to set them at liberty. From this language, he proceeded insensibly to what he was more concerned about, and addressing Kion, told him, that if aught in the world could afford him consolation for the loss of his son, it was the thought of his having fallen by the hand of so brave a man.

Kion, not discerning through the artifice, honestly avowed, that the act for which he was praised, had been performed by Leonidas. Leonidas, on the other hand, denied it, as he had before done: and as each persisted in attributing it to the other, Lyfimachus began to despair of discovering by whom it had been done. What! cried he, was there so little honour in conquering Diomedes, that each of you should be ashamed of it? Leonidas, to end the contention, replied, we both conquered him, sir, and are so proud of the glory of the victory, that we must share it between us. But,
this

this answer served only to irritate the impatience of the Thracean monarch. Well! replied he, incapable of longer dissimulation, I shall then have two victims, instead of one, since you are both guilty. He accordingly ordered them back to prison; while Leonidas, now understanding his mistake, began to speak a different language. Ah! Lyfimachus, said he, we did, indeed, conquer your son together, but it was I that struck the fatal blow. No, said Kion, my brother is innocent; I was the slayer of Diomede.

The king of Thrace only renewed his former orders. But, it was his pleasure that they should for this time, be sent to the same prison, in hopes, that, if left together, they might agree, upon a determination of this generous dispute. Hardly were they left alone, when the friendly contest was renewed between them. The noblest and most tender sentiments were expressed on both sides; and as they could not agree, they at last thought of another expedient. This was that each should write a letter to Lyfimachus, begging to be put to death. Kion wrote his letter in the most persuasive language. Leonidas strove to irritate the mind of Diomede's father. But neither was successful, as he wished.

Lyfimachus

Lyfimachus was so transported with rage, when he read the letter of Leonidas, that his only thought was then to sacrifice him alone to his revenge. But he reflected that this would be to gratify his wishes, and to grant him a recompence for his crime. He then returned to his former intention of sacrificing them both, and preparations were made for their execution. As Ariamenes had drawn nearer the city that he might make an attempt to deliver those illustrious prisoners, the king resolved to make the whole of the enemy's army witnesses of the bloody spectacle he was about to exhibit. The scaffold was erected, for this purpose, upon the very walls of the town, and in a place where the rapidity and depth of the stream below rendered all access impossible. This vengeance, he imagined, would thus be equally sure and signal.

The two innocent victims were accordingly conducted to the place of execution. Kion and Leonidas saw, by the preparations made for their death, and from the information of those about them, that Lyfimachus, after all his threats of cruelty, meant only to have them beheaded. They knew also that Ariamenes had attacked the city in three different quarters, but had been still repulsed with a great loss

loss. They had therefore no hopes of relief, but determined to meet death with fortitude.

They scarce turned their eyes upon the camp, as their only wish was to spend the few moments they had yet to live, in looking upon one another. Yet, Leonidas made a last effort, to save the life of his brother. Dear Kion, said he, it is yet time. Disavow a crime,—since we must call it crime,—which you have not committed. Why should I die twice, as I must, if I see you die with me? Save your life; contend not against yourself, while all our troops are fighting for us. Yes, my brother, if you please, I will do yet more, answered Kion; I will even save you. Save me? replied Leonidas; can I be base enough, think you, to survive you? I should soon die of shame and sorrow. They were continuing the conversation, when the executioner interrupted them, and called them to lay their heads on the block. After they had bidden each other a tender farewell, which drew tears even from the eyes of their enemies, who witnessed the scene, Leonidas who was first to suffer, retired back to some distance, and placed himself at the other end of the scaffold. He then said that he was ready to die, and had laid his head on the fatal block, but springing up, cried, why should my brother and I

die, without embracing each other! Unbind us, and let us once more have this pleasure! The favour was too slight to be refused them. Soon as their hands were at liberty, therefore, Leonidas ran up to his brother, embraced him, and whispered something in his ear. They then sprang together to the brink of the scaffold, which overhung the trench round the city, and taking each other by the hands, threw themselves into the stream.

All who saw this, were strangely surpris'd; for such was the height of the walls and the rapidity of the stream, that its bare possibility had not been suspected. It was supposed, that they had only chosen one punishment, instead of another. But they found the river less cruel than Lysimachus. They sunk, at first in the water, but immediately rose up at a small distance from the place where they had fallen. Notwithstanding their danger, they were still faithful to their friendship; and each made the safety of the other his chief care. They at length gained the opposite bank, amidst a thousand arrows which were shot after them from the walls, and saw themselves again in a condition to take vengeance on their enemies.

Ariamenes

Ariamenes was making another assault upon the city. They ran to join the assailants. Their presence struck the army of the allies with astonishment. They took them for phantoms, for shades come to exact vengeance upon those by whom they had fallen. But, the bold actions they performed soon convinced every one of their reality. Their return inspired the besiegers with such impetuous courage, that they drove the defenders from the walls, and forced their way victoriously into the city. There was a great slaughter. The soldiers, in their fury, would have set Chalcedon on fire, to express by such a bonfire, what joy they felt at the recovery of the brave brothers. The flames had begun to spread, when Kion, Leonidas, and Ariamenes eagerly stopped their progress. The king of Thrace, escaping, by a sort of miracle, from the general carnage, retired to Byzantium, and was happy to conclude a treaty with the allied cities.

ADVENTURE
OF A
YOUNG WOMAN,

Who was confined in a HOLLOW OAK.

SOME pilgrims of higher rank, than their dress indicated, had set out from Badagoz for our Lady's in Guadeloupe. They travelled so slowly that in the evening of the third day of their journey, they had not advanced more than five miles. Night surprised them on their way, as they were crossing a hill overgrown with oaks, and other trees of various sorts. It was then the autumnal equinox. The heats were become more moderate; but the cold was not yet severe. In case of necessity, the night might be passed, little less comfortably in the country, than in a town or village. As the next village was at too great a distance, our travellers agreed to proceed no farther, but to send to a shepherd's hut within view, and to ask to be admitted to shelter within it, till next morning.

So thick a mist, in the mean time arose, that our pilgrims knew not whether to direct their steps. Only a light from the cottage induced them to ad-

vance towards it. But, the darkness thickened, and a noise was heard, upon which they stopped to take proper precautions against being surprised.

Their uneasiness was soon over. They saw a man on horseback advancing, who asked, whether they were of that country. No, replied they, we belong to a very remote province. We are going upon a pilgrimage to Rome, by the way of Guadalupe. No matter, continued the man on horseback; generosity is of all countries. There must surely be among you some soul capable of an act of humanity? All assured him, that they were ready to do him any service in their power. Then, said he, take this chain of gold, which is worth two hundred crowns: take, added he, this pledge which is inestimable, and when you reach Truxillo, send it to one of the two gentlemen whom I shall name to you, and who are equally rich, generous, honourable, and well known: one is Don Francis Pizano, the other Don John Dorellana. Tell them, that they are intreated to take care of this innocent creature; (for it was a new-born child he put into their hands) and that they shall soon be informed, who are its parents. Forgive me for leaving you so abruptly. I dare not stay longer. My enemies are following hard after me. If they should meet and question you, be so

good as to answer that the darkness has hindered you from seeing any thing, but that you heard three or four cavaliers cry to each other: let us take the way to Portugal, my friends, let us save ourselves in Portugal. I have only one thing to add: this child has not yet been baptized,—as you must tell the gentlemen to whom I send it. So saying, the stranger put spurs to his horse, and rode off, with the swiftness of lightning.

These pilgrims were thus intrusted with a charge which they judged to be precious, from the liberal present accompanying it. A woman in the company, took the child which seemed to be new born, and strove to still its cries by her caresses. They continued now to travel on amidst the mist and darkness which environed them. At last they reached the abode of the shepherds. Hardly were they entered, when they saw a young woman come in after them. She wiped away her tears, stifled her sighs, and strove to conceal the distress with which she was visibly affected. Although almost naked, yet the few clothes she had about her, were valuable stuffs. She would have hid her countenance from the eyes of so many beholders. But, the blaze of the fire which the shepherds had kindled,

ded, betrayed her, and shewed her to be a woman equally beautiful and young.

The shepherds made haste to lend her all the assistance which she stood in need of, or which they could give. Ah! said she, the only favour I have to ask, is, that you would hide me in some corner where I may not be discovered by my pursuers, and then that you would give me some refreshments to revive my wasted strength and spirits. A good old man who was the chief of those shepherds, then took some sheep-skins, the softest he could find, and carrying them to the hollow of a large old-oak, made them into a fort of bed. The fair, unhappy lady was then conducted thither, as to a place of concealment from her enemies. She was served with wine and milk for her supper. When her exhausted strength was thus somewhat recruited, the old man spread out other skins, as if to dry them, that all appearances might thus be removed which could excite suspicion.

In the mean time, every one of the company in the cottage was pursuing his own reflexions upon the nature of this adventure. They were of opinion, that the young woman might be the mother of the child that had been delivered to them. But,
however

however this might be, the pilgrims besought the old man to exercise his charity likewise towards that innocent creature. They related to him, in what manner it had been put into their hands. He immediately called one of the other shepherds, and directed to carry the infant where it might be fed with goat's milk, till farther means should be taken for its preservation.

It was delivered to a Shepherdess who had hardly begun to still its cries by moistening its lips with a little milk, when several men on horseback arrived at the dwelling. They asked if a Cavalier had been seen to pass bearing a new-born child, and the lady who was its mother. The shepherds making answer, that they had seen no such persons, the travellers proceeded on their way in great haste. The party in the cottage rejoiced when they were gone. The pilgrims passed the night there, more comfortably than they had expected; and their hosts regaled them with the best fare they had in the house. But, before going to rest, they sent to see the fair fugitive, she was more quiet, and said that she was less uneasy, since she had no more to fear from her father, who, with her brother and some of their friends, were the persons in pursuit of her. It was then thought proper to take another precaution

tion with respect to the child, before the return of day. He was conveyed to a female relation of the old man's, who dwelt at a league's distance from the cottage; and delivered into her hands, with a chain of gold at the same time. The precious deposit was carefully recommended to her; and she was directed to answer to any enquiries which might be made, that he was the child of an inhabitant in a neighbouring village. Every one then prepared to go to rest.

The return of light was pleasing to all but the young lady. But, the old shepherd sent persons to watch in the different quarters by which strangers might be supposed likely to approach, and brought the lady from her concealment in the oak to breathe the fresh air. At sight of his fair charge, his admiration of her beauty, and his concern for her misfortunes was redoubled. The whole company encouraged and consoled her: and as all were impatient to hear her adventures, they intreated her to gratify their curiosity. Her gratitude for the services she had received disposed her to comply with their request, and in a feeble voice she spoke, as follows:

My

My name is Feliciana ; and I was born in a small town, not far distant from hence. My parents are noble, but not rich. My unfortunate beauty which has greatly faded within these few months, procured the offer of several advantageous matches. Near my father's house lives a gentleman distinguished by the nobility of his birth, and the services he has rendered to his country. He has a son, the heir no less of his virtues, than of his great wealth. In the same town is another old gentleman ; and he too has a son with whom he lives, in a decent style, upon a moderate fortune. My parents determined to give me in marriage to the son of the latter, without consulting my own inclinations which favoured the former young man, or considering that the former was likewise the most advantageous match. But, heaven reserved me for my present disgrace, and perhaps for misfortunes still more severe. I had the weakness to receive into my bed, without the knowledge or consent of my father, the lover whom I myself preferred. I shall not detain you with the progress of our amour. Unfortunately for me, my mother was no more ; otherwise, she might have been persuaded to consult my inclinations, and my true interests. My lover and I had many opportunities of being alone together. Those secret interviews at length ensnared and ruined my ho-

nonr ;

nour ; if she can be thought to be dishonoured, who did not grant her lover the last favour, till after he had pledged his faith to her, as her husband.

When I was far advanced in my pregnancy, my father required me to give my hand to the young man who had his good wishes in his favour. He brought him to our house, yesterday, in the afternoon, with two of his relations, in resolution of uniting me to him, without delay. A presentiment of what was intended, made me shudder at the sight of Don Diego : this was my intended husband's name. I cannot well describe to you the agitation I felt. My father, following me into a chamber to which I retired, bade me dress myself, and prepare to receive the faith of him whom he had chosen for my husband.

I had nearly finished the period of my pregnancy ; and you may judge how I was likely to be affected, in such a situation, by my father's harsh order, I was almost struck lifeless. No sooner had my father returned to his company, than, instead of calling my maid to dress me, I threw myself into her arms, and with weeping eyes, said to her ; ah ! Leonora, my days are near an end. Don Diego is waiting, to espouse me. You can conceive what I
must

must feel, in my present situation; in pity, dear Leonora, pierce my heavy heart; open a passage by which my soul may escape from the torments to which it is exposed. But, I need not your aid, said I, after a moment's pause; nature is about to do what I have required of you. I feel the weakness of death upon me, and am pleased to yield a life in which I may not pass with him whom I love. I then uttered a hollow groan; and Leonora supposed that I was dying. But, she was soon surprised to see me struggling against death, and making every effort to avoid stifling a child that began to cry! This accident threw her into the utmost confusion. She had never been in such a situation before, and I now expected death only from my father's hand.

Feliciano had advanced thus far in her narrative, when several of those who had been set as centinels, gave the alarm. They had seen some strangers approach. The old shepherd instantly interrupted her; and she was returning into the hollow of the oak, when the same centinels gave them to understand, by a new signal, that those whom they had seen approaching, had now taken a different way. The alarm being thus over, Feliciano thus resumed her narrative:

While

While Don Diego was awaiting the marriage ceremony in the hall, Don Rosanio, my husband had hid himself in our garden. He wanted to speak with me, although he knew not, to what terrible extremity I was then reduced. My father, on his part, impatient of my long absence, came himself to let me know, that I was tedious in my preparations. Come, as you are, said he; your beauty will make amends for what is deficient in your dress. I know not whether he overheard the child's cries, while Leonora was carrying him away, to put him in some place of security, or deliver him to Don Rosanio. But, my father took a light in his hand, came close up, and looked me stedfastly in the face; and I saw his complexion, that instant, undergo a rapid change of colours. He would, no doubt, have told me what he thought of the situation in which he saw me, had not a second cry of the child's just then struck his ear. He then ran, in a fury, and with his drawn sword in his hand, towards the place from which the cry seemed to proceed. But, at sight of my child's danger, I overcame my fears. Animated with fury equal to his, I forgot my desire to die, and ran hastily after him, to snatch the sword from his hand. But, Leonora had happily escaped with her charge. My father stopped suddenly, as if it had been to listen whether he could

hear any more cries; and I seized the moment, and escaped into the street. Soon after, a great noise arose in the house, and I heard him exclaim, that he would have me dead or alive. You may guess my terror at hearing these dreadful sounds. It occurred to me, however, that, if I should run to meet death, I could be of no service to my child; and this consideration prompted me to flee with all haste. The apprehension of losing a life, which but an hour before, I had despised, now gave me wings to fly over the country. I ran, a long time, without holding upon any certain road; and notwithstanding my extreme weariness, would have travelled all night, had I not happened to see light in this dwelling which drew me hither, to ask your charitable aid which you have so generously granted. This is all I have to tell you of my adventure. I resign myself for the rest to the will of heaven. You will all oblige me, however, by favouring me with your advice how I may best extricate myself from my present difficulties.

Felician's story moved the surprise and compassion of every one. The pilgrims, on their part, related to her, what had befallen them, how they had met with the cavalier, had received from him the new-born infant, and with it a chain of gold, and

and had engaged to carry the precious charge to Truxillo, to those friends whom he had named to them. What do I hear? cried Feliciana. Alas! if this be the child I have brought into the world! if it be my dear Rosanio who has intrusted you with this pledge of our mutual love. Ah! shew it me! Although I have never yet seen the dear creature, perhaps I may discover in its lineaments some resemblance to its father, or may know it by the linens in which it was wrapped by Leonora; and perhaps, if none of these circumstances shall appear to indicate my child; yet the voice of nature may speak, to inform me of what it so much concerns me to know.

The old shepherd then told her that her curiosity could not be so immediately satisfied; for the child had been sent to one of his relations, to be suckled and kept in safety; but that he would give orders for it to be brought; and that she might make herself easy in his house, or in the hollow oak; for he would set so close a guard about her, that it would be impossible for her enemies to surprise her.

Feliciana returned to her recess, very impatient to see the child which had been mentioned to her; and the pilgrims continued talking with the old

shepherd about her situation. How rigorous a fortune! said they. Who could refuse pity to this lovely Feliciana. From the hope of obtaining a husband whom she loved, she is fallen into the distressful fear of being for ever parted from him. Yesterday she was happy in her father's house: to-day, we see her miserable, and obliged to hide herself in the hollow of an oak, affrighted at the sight of a worm, and trembling when the leaves rustle with the wind.

They were still conversing upon this topic, when the arrival of the child interrupted the conversation. It had no resemblance that the lady could discover, to Rosanio; but his features were not yet unfolded; and she therefore suspended her judgment till she should see the linens. She examined these, but could recognize none of them. The voice of nature was silent. No instinctive renewed within her that tenderness which had made her rush after her father, to disarm him. No, said she, I see nothing here, to say that this child is mine. Nor does this chain of gold afford me any light; for I never saw it in the hands of Rosanio. If this child were mine, nature would surely whisper as much to my heart. No, I have not the good fortune to recover that dear pledge of our ill-fated love. It is, however,
true,

true, that I have heard my husband say, he had friends at Truxillo : but, I do not recollect that I have heard him name them.

The old shepherd and the pilgrims strove to encourage her hopes ; and the former offered to send his relation to Truxillo, to deliver the child to the persons to whom the pilgrims had been directed by the cavalier who put it into their hands. By this proposal Feliciana was so affected, that she fell on her knees, and with great emotion thanked the old shepherd for the tenderness with which he interested himself in her sorrows. The whole company approved what the shepherd had proposed ; and his relation accordingly departed, with the child. The pilgrims resolved to follow on their way ; and Feliciana, having conceived an affection for the whole party, but particularly for some of the women in it, and being, besides, willing to remove from a country in which nothing but a train of misfortunes seemed to await her, assumed a pilgrim's garb, and resolved to accompany them. But, she was determined by the news she might hear at Truxillo, whether she should abide by this resolution, or expect a change of circumstances in her favour at home. They were charmed to find her adopt this idea. It was easy to supply her with a pil-

grim's weeds. She put them on; and her strength seemed to revive. After thanking the old shepherd for his hospitality, and forcing him to accept the chain of gold for a recompence; the whole company took leave of him, and proceeded on their way.

The pilgrims, that they might not weary out the strength of their new companion, travelled only a short space, each day, and often halted; sometimes on the brink of a rivulet, and sometimes under a cooling shade. At one of those resting-places, they learned from Feliciana, that although her own name was Feliciana *of the voice*, her family's surname was *Tenorio*, and her father was called Don Pedro Tenorio. Her surname had been given her, she told them, on account of her having naturally a very fine voice. The company would gladly have heard her sing; but would not ask her to take that trouble in the condition in which she then was.

On the third day they met the old shepherd's relation, returning from Truxillo. She brought agreeable news. Don Francis Pizarro, and Don Juan d'Orellana had taken charge of her nursing. From the circumstances which the woman mentioned to them, they had conjectured it to be the child

of

of their friend, Don Rosanio; that young cavalier was the only gentleman in the country whose intimacy with them was such as to warrant his intrusting them with such a charge. They both assured her, that they would take care not to belie the good opinion of him who had shewn such confidence in their friendship and honour, but would take all possible care of the child.

Felician was overjoyed at this information. She thanked heaven a thousand times for so fortunate an event. She, with ardent gratitude, thanked also the good woman who was the bearer of the news, and rewarded her liberally. The company then continued their journey; and her fellow travellers seeing her spirits greatly enlivened, now ventured to ask, that she would favour them with a little display of her admired voice. She consented, and sang some exquisite airs. They were all surprised and delighted to hear such compass and sweetness of voice; and they unanimously agreed, that she well deserved the surname which had been conferred upon her.

They arrived all, at last, at Guadaloupe. The pilgrims immediately repaired to the famous church which is the principal ornament of that city. They
were

were amazed at its magnificence; and at the concourse of strangers with whom it was crowded. But, in obedience to the sacred impulse which had led them hither, they first prostrated themselves, and poured forth their prayers with great fervour.

Feliciana had accompanied them without having any presentiment that she should here meet with a happy termination of her adventure. She also prostrated herself before the Virgin, and remained some time motionless, in this posture, in a sort of extasy and in the most exalted fervour of devotion. Then rising suddenly up, she raised her heart to God, and began to sing, in compliance with the custom of the place, some stanzas in honour of the monastery. Her melodious voice resounded through the church. Four strangers came in while she sang. They kneeled down to pray; but their devotions were soon suspended by the influence of her voice. The eldest of them listened with earnest attention. My son, then said he to one of the other three; she whom I hear is either an angel, or else my daughter, Feliciana. Yes, I know her, replied the young man; she is my sister, and not an angel; and if my hand will but second my just anger, she shall soon sing in a different tone. So saying, he drew his dagger, ran up to his sister, and would have plunged

ged the weapon in her breast, had not the old man perceiving his intention caught hold of his arm, and exclaimed; *Stay your hand, my son, profane not this holy place by shedding here the blood of a guilty and unfortunate creature. Punishment would follow the rash deed. Let us have patience. She cannot escape us.*

The impetuous attempt of the youth, and the remonstrance of the old man occasioned such a noise through the church, that Feliciana was disturbed in her devotion, and ceased singing. The pilgrims and others who witnessed the scene, could not hinder them from dragging her out of the church into the street. But they crowded all about, to stay the father and brother from perpetrating their bloody purpose. Notwithstanding all their eager endeavours, however, they would have failed; had not the officers of justice interposed, and arrested the hands of the assassins.

While Feliciana was thus under the protection of the laws, till cognizance could be taken of her crime; and while her cries and the angry vociferations of her brother, with the murmurs which ran through the crowd, redoubled the general confusion, six gentlemen well mounted, entered the square
before

before the church. Two of those men were immediately known to be Don Francis Pizarro, and Don Juan d'Orellana. The third wore a mask. All the three enquired into the cause of the disturbance, and were informed, that the officers of justice were defending a female pilgrim against two persons who called themselves her father and brother. The masked cavalier instantly knew Feliciana in her disguise; sprang from his horse, drew his sword, and placed himself beside her, took off his mask, and thus addressed her father and brother. If there be any cause of complaint, that has not been given by Feliciana, but by me who have married her against your will. I am Rosanò. You know me to be of noble birth and competent fortune. Was it to be thought, that when I adored Feliciana, and was favoured with her affection, I could yield to Don Diego, whom you preferred to me, without any reason of preference, but merely your own good pleasure? Besides, said he, if I have offended you by intermarrying into your family without your consent, I humbly intreat your pardon for an error to which I was urged by love. I should not have failed in the respect due to you, by taking this step, if I had not seen you too much inclined to favour my rival, and to view me with a degree of aversion
for

for which I could not think, that I had given you just grounds.

Feliciana, trembling while Rosanio spoke, had caught hold of his girdle. Before her enemies could open their mouths to reply, Francis Pizarro embraced the father, and Juan d'Orellana, the brother; those gentlemen having long been in habits of intimacy with them. Where is your wonted prudence, Don Pedro? said Pizarro. Is it possible that so wise a man as you can give himself up to such a transport of passion? The offence you complain of, will surely be better pardoned than punished. Why should you think Don Rosanio unworthy of your Feliciana? Is there a man of a better character or an easier fortune in your whole city? He has riches, rank, and virtue to recommend him. It would be blind injustice in you to forbid so suitable a match. Juan d'Orellana warmly seconded these remonstrances. If you are not affected by these considerations, said he, I have in my house, a pledge which must infallibly reconcile you to Feliciana: a child whom you cannot refuse for your grandson, without denying yourself, for the infant bears the strongest resemblance to you. I hope to prevail with you to come and see him.

Don

Don Pedro Tenorio seemed to be lost in thought, and made no immediate reply. Suddenly, however, he went up to his son Don Sancho, snatched his dagger from his hand, and then ran to embrace Don Rosanio, who kneeled before him, and embraced his knees in all the ardour of gratitude, and affection. Feliciana followed his example. Tears streamed from her eyes: her bosom heaved with deep sighs; and she at last fainted away. After she was somewhat recovered, the spectators of this affecting scene began to express a general joy. Every one congratulated Don Pedro and his son Don Sancho on the happy change of their sentiments; and at the same time complimented Pizarro and d'Orellana upon the prudent discretion with which they had acted.

The judges who had been present at the reconciliation, conducted the company into the monastery where they were sumptuously entertained by the prior. The pilgrims accompanied their friend Feliciana. It was proposed to repeat the marriage ceremony between her and Rosanio. Don Pedro made no opposition, but desired first to see his little grandson. Juan d'Orellana had already sent for the child. He was brought in. His grandfather took him in his arms, viewed him eagerly, and
pleased

pleased to find the boy so like himself, embraced him in a transport of tenderness. May your mother who has brought you forth, and your father who begot you, said he, enjoy all possible felicity. And then he kissed away the tears which he had shed over the infant's face. Don Sancho shewed the same tenderness to his nephew, and declared that he should be his heir.

Feliciano now felt emotions towards her child, which had not been awaked in her breast by the first sight of him. It seemed as if nature had repressed her voice till Rosanio appeared. But maternal instinct now did its part. The happy pair received their child, and caressed him with equal fondness.

When peace and reconciliation were thus established between them and the family of Don Pedro, their marriage was confirmed by a new solemnization. The ceremony was performed in the church of our Lady at Guadaloupe. Joy sparkled in every eye, and swelled every heart. The pilgrims were pleased that they had been the instruments of bringing about so much. The young couple uttered the warmest wishes for their welfare: and they then took their leave and continued their journey.

EMILIAS AND SOPHIA.

SOPHIA is of a respectable family; she has good natural dispositions; great sensibility of heart; and a warmth of imagination which sometimes requires to be moderated. Her judgment is rather correct than acute; her temper agreeable, but unequal; her figure an ordinary and yet a pleasing one; her countenance full of expression: one may indeed accost her with indifference, but no one can leave her without emotion. Other young women possess good qualities which she has not; and some are endowed with almost all that she has; but no one possesses an assemblage of qualities better adapted to form an excellent character. She derives an advantage from her very defects; were she more perfect, she would be less amiable.

Sophia is not a beauty. But, in her presence, men forget her beauty, and handsome women learn to despise their own charms. At first one would hardly suppose her tolerably handsome; but she improves upon acquaintance; the oftener we see her, so much the more are we captivated. Where most others lose, she gains; and what she has once gained, she never loses. It is possible enough for

a woman to have finer eyes, a prettier mouth, a more majestic air; but none can have a happier size, a finer complexion, a whiter hand, a smaller foot, a look of greater sweetness, or a countenance more engagingly expressive. She dazzles not, but she engages and charms; and one can scarcely say how.

Sophia is fond of dress, and knows how to dress with taste and neatness. She always assists at the toilet of her mother. She is not fond of rich clothes. Simple elegance is the utmost perfection she aims at, in her dress. She knows not which are the fashionable colours; but chooses with exquisite judgment, those which best become her. There is no young woman who has less the appearance of dressing with care, and yet none is more nice in the choice and disposition of every thing she wears. Every article of dress she puts on is chosen with solicitous pains; and yet all has the most artless appearance. Her dress is apparently very modest, but in reality highly coquettish. She displays not, but hides her charms; but then she hides them so as to provoke imagination, and thus gives them more power over the heart, than if they were unfolded to the eye. At seeing her, one naturally observes; here is a modest and prudent young woman: but while you remain in her presence, it is impossible to withhold your

eyes and your heart from roving all over her person: one is almost tempted to say that her dress has been put on with so much simplicity only that it might be taken off, piece by piece, by the imagination.

Sophia has good natural talents. She is sensible of this; and has not neglected to cultivate them. But never having cultivated them with great art, she has satisfied herself with exercising her fine voice in singing correctly and with taste, her little feet in walking lightly, easily, gracefully, and in curtsying or bowing without awkwardness or inconvenience. She has had no singing master but her father, no mistress to teach her dancing, but her mother; and an organist in the neighbourhood gave her some lessons on the harpsichord which she has since practised by herself. At first she thought only of shewing her hand to advantage; she then found that the sounds of the harpsichord improved her voice; by degrees, her ear was formed to the sense of harmony. As she grew up, she began to feel the charms of musical expression, and to love music for its own sake. But, her musical turn is rather a taste than a talent; she cannot express one air in notes.

What

What Sophia knows better, and has been taught with greater care, is, the several sorts of work suitable to her sex. There is no species of needle-work in which she is not a mistress; but the working of lace is her favourite amusement; because it requires an agreeable attitude of the body, and exercises and shews the fingers to advantage. She has likewise accustomed herself to all the cares of house-keeping: she is skilled in the management of the kitchen; she knows the prices and qualities of provisions; she is expert at keeping accounts; and indeed acts as house-keeper to her mother. As she must herself be, one day or another, the mistress of a family, by superintending her father's house, she is prepared for the management of her own. She can perform the task of any one among the servants, and is always ready to do it chearfully. One can never direct well in any thing but what one can perform one's-self. It is for this reason her mother employs her in this manner. As for Sophia, she looks not so far forward. Her first duty is that of a daughter; and this is the only one which she, at present concerns herself about performing. The only thing she has in view, is to serve her mother, and relieve her of some part of the toil she would otherwise have as mistress of a family. Yet, she is not equally fond of every one of these little tasks of

housewifry. For although no enemy to good eating, she does not like the kitchen. There is something disgusting to her in the detail of cookery. She never finds it neat enough. She is delicate even to a fault in this respect: she would rather suffer the dinner to be spoiled, than spot her sleeve. For the same reason, she never would take any charge of the garden. The mould has to her an aspect of dirtiness; she never sees a dunghill, without fancying that she feels the smell of it.

She owes this fastidious delicacy to her mother's lessons. In her estimation, cleanliness is one of the principal duties of a woman; special, indispensable, and enjoined by nature; there is not in nature a more disagreeable object than a slovenly woman; a husband is not to be blamed for being disgusted with a wife of this character. This duty she has inculcated on her daughter from her infancy; and has insisted on her paying such attention to neatness, in her person, her dress, her apartment, her work, and her toilet; that this care has become habitual to the young woman, who employs a great part of her time, and presides over her disposal of the remainder, so far that, to do well whatever she does, is only her second care; her first, is always, to do it neatly.

Yet

Yet all this has not degenerated into vain affectation, or ridiculous delicacy; the refinements of luxury have no share in it. Nothing but pure water is ever used in her apartment: she knows no perfume but that of the flowers; nor will her husband ever inhale any fragrance sweeter than her breath. However, her attention to these matters of outward propriety, has not led her to forget that she ought to dedicate her life and her time to more important cares. She knows not, or despises that excessive attention to personal neatness, which has a tendency to stain and dim the lustre of the mind. Sophia possesses that purity which is greatly above all exterior propriety.

I have mentioned Sophia's being inclined even to gluttony. She was naturally so. But, she has become temperate by virtue, and by habit. It is not with girls as with boys, whom, to a certain length we may manage by applying to their appetite for delicacies of food. This appetite has such an influence on the character of the sex, that it would be dangerous not to check it. Little Sophia, in her infancy, whenever she happened to go, alone, into her mother's closet, never came away empty-handed; her integrity was not proof against the temptation of confections and jellies. Her mother once
surprised

surprised her, seized her, chastised her, and made her fast for the theft. She at length persuaded her that the sweetmeats would spoil her teeth and that eating too much would render her shape coarse. Sophia thus corrected herself, and when she grew up, acquired other tastes which have raised her above that low sensuality. With women as well as with men, when the heart begins to be awakened to sensibility, gluttony is no longer a predominant vice in the constitution. Sophia has retained the taste most suitable for her sex; she is still fond of milk and sweet-meats; she is fond of pastries, but eats very little animal food; wine or any strong liquor she has never yet tasted. Besides, she eats but very moderately of any dish. Her sex being less exposed to labour than ours, require therefore less refreshment. She loves and relishes what is good of every thing; but she can also content herself with what is indifferent.

Sophia's understanding is solid, but not profound, and although not brilliant, yet displays itself in an agreeable manner. She pleases those who talk to her, although her mind is not highly adorned, according to the ideas commonly entertained of the female understanding. Her's has not been formed by reading, but merely by conversation with her father

ther and mother, by her own reflexions, and by the observations she has made on that little of the world which she has seen. Sophia has a natural gaiety of temper; in her infancy, she was ever frolicsome, but her mother has gradually imposed a check on her levity, for fear, that too sudden a change might soon warn her of the arrival of the period when it would be necessary. She therefore became modest and reserved, even before the natural period of these virtues. That period is however arrived. It is easier for her to maintain that tone of manners which she has assumed, than it would have been, to assume it, without giving a reason, why? It is pleasant enough to see her sometimes, from a remainder of the habit she has laid aside, give herself up for a few minutes to the frolics of infancy, and then, upon sudden recollection, check herself, blush, and look ashamed. The intermediate period between childhood and womanhood must partake of the characteristics of both the one and the other.

Sophia has too much sensibility, to preserve an uniform equality of temper. But, her nature is too gentle to allow her sensibility to become troublesome to others; it is hurtful to none but herself. If but a word be said to her, by which she is hurt,
she

she does not fly out into a passion, but her heart swells, and she retires, to weep alone. But, if her father or mother call her back, she stifles her sobs, wipes away her tears, and returns to laugh and be gay, as before.

Nor is she altogether exempt from caprice. Her temper, when too severely tried, is apt to rebel, and then is she liable to forget herself. But, allow her time for reflexion, and leave her to make amends in her own way for her error, and she will almost make a merit of it. When punished, she is docile and submissive; and shews that she is not so much ashamed of the punishment as of the fault. If no notice is taken, she never fails to make amends of herself, and that so frankly and with so good a grace, that it is impossible to retain any resentment against her. She would kiss the ground before the meanest servant in the family, without feeling the humiliation painful; and as soon as she has obtained forgiveness, her joy and her caresses shew, of what a weight her heart is relieved. In a word, she bears wrongs from others with patience, and is ever ready to make amends for any that she may have committed, herself. Such is naturally the amiable temper of her sex, before it is spoiled by their intercourse with ours. Woman is formed to yield to man, and
even.

even to bear with injustice from him; it would be impossible even to bring boys, this length. In them, feeling rises and revolts against injustice; they are not formed by nature, to bear with it.

The love of virtue has become Sophia's predominant passion. She loves it, because there is nothing so beautiful as virtue: she loves it, because virtue constitutes the glory of woman, and, in *her* opinion, exalts her to an equality with the angel's. She loves it as the only guide to happiness, and because she can see nothing but misery, and disgrace in the life of a woman who deviates from the path of virtue; she loves it, as dear to her respectable father, and to her affectionate and worthy mother; not satisfied with the happiness they enjoy in their own virtue, they desire to be made happy also by her's; and the highest happiness to which she aspires, is that of rendering them happy by her cares. All these sentiments together animate her with a degree of enthusiasm which exalts her soul, and holds all her little inclinations in subjection to so noble a passion. Sophia will continue chaste and humane to her last sigh; *she has secretly vowed to remain* so, and that at a time when she had already begun to feel how much it would cost her to observe her vow; she vowed when she might have revoked her

VOW,

vow, if she had been formed to be the slave of the senses.

Sophia is not one of those women whom the French esteem amiable; of a cold constitution, and coquettish through vanity, wishing rather to be bright than to please, and eager in pursuit, not of pleasure, but of amusement. Only, the natural necessity of love begins to distract her heart; her gaiety is gone. Sportive games no longer afford entertainment; instead of avoiding solitude, she seeks it; and in solitude thinks of him who is one day to render it sweet and interesting to her. All indifferent persons are rather troublesome to her. She wants not a court, but a lover. She would rather please one worthy man, and please him always, than raise in her favour the voice of fashion which exalts one to day, and another to-morrow.

The judgment of women is sooner and more fully formed than that of men. Being upon the defensive almost from their infancy, and being intrusted with a treasure which it is not easy to preserve, they are, by consequence, sooner acquainted with good and evil. Sophia whose constitution has a tendency to render her premature in every thing, has likewise had her judgment sooner formed than
other

other young women commonly have. In this there is nothing extraordinary; maturity does not invariably attend the same precise age.

Sophia is informed of her duties and of the rights of our sex and of her own. She is acquainted with the faults of men and the vices of women; and not less with their opposite qualities and virtues, all which are engraven on the bottom of her heart. It is impossible to have a higher idea of a woman of worth than that which she has conceived, yet does she not contemplate this idea with dislike. But, she thinks with more complacency of a worthy man, a man of merit; she feels, that she is made for such a man, is worthy of him, can make him as happy as he can make her. She knows, that she will be able to distinguish such a man whenever she meets with him. The great object is, to find him out.

Women are naturally good judges of the merits of men, and we of the merits of women: this is reciprocally the privilege of the two sexes, and this both of them know. Sophia knows that this is her privilege, and avails herself of it, but with the modesty becoming her youth, her inexperience, and her condition: she judges only of things which are

within the reach of her understanding, and that only when it is necessary for her to discover some useful maxim. She never speaks of the absent but with the greatest circumspection, especially, if they are women: she is of opinion that women when they talk of their own sex become slanderous and satyrical, although equitable while they confine their conversation to our sex. To this subject therefore does Sophia confine herself. As to the women, she never speaks of them unless to mention what good she knows of them; this, she thinks, it becomes her to relate for the honour of her sex. Of those of whom she has nothing good to say, she says nothing.

Sophia has had little practice in the world; but she is obliging and attentive in her manners, and there is a grace in all she does. A happy natural turn of mind does her more service than a great deal of art could. She has a certain politeness about her which is independent of forms, not subject to fashions, nor liable to vary with them, but arising from a desire to please; and it never fails to please. She pays no silly compliments, nor invents any far fetched ones; she never says to people, that she is very much obliged to them, that they do her a great deal of honour nor ever begs them not to take the trouble, &c. She is still less studious to
give

give a turn to her phrases. For any piece of attention, or mark of politeness, she answers simply with a curtesy, or *I thank you*; but this phrase from her mouth means much more than when uttered by another. In return for a real service, she allows her heart to express itself in its genuine language, but its effusions are not mere compliments. She has never subjected to various capricious usages of ours, the absurdity of which is apparent; as, for instance, when a young woman gives her hand, in passing from one room to another, to an old man who has much more need to be supported by her, than she by him. When a perfumed gallant offers her this piece of service, she leaves the officious gentleman upon the stair-case, and trips hastily into the room, telling him that she is not crippled. Although not tall, she has never worn high heeled shoes; her feet are small enough to make an handsome appearance without them.

Not only is she silent and respectful in the company of married women, but even with married men, or any who are elder than herself. She never sits above them, unless in compliance with their commands, and always returns as soon as possible, to resume her proper place: for she considers the privileges of age as preferable to those of the sex,

the former having in their favour the advantage of superior wisdom.

With young persons of her own age she acts differently: another tone of manners is necessary, to impress them with respect; and this she can very well assume without laying aside that air of modesty which becomes her. If they are themselves modest and reserved, she readily behaves to them with the amiable frankness of youth; their innocent conversation is gay and sportive, yet decent; if it becomes serious, she wishes to give it an useful turn; if insipid, she puts an end to it: for she despises the trifling jargon of gallantry, as an affront to her sex. She well knows that the man whom she wishes to find cannot use this jargon: and she will never willingly hear from another, what would be unbecoming for him whose idea is impressed on her heart. The opinion which she entertains of the rights of her sex, the dignity of mind which naturally accompanies the purity of her sentiments, that energy of virtue which she feels within herself, and which renders her respectable in her own eyes, make her often hear with indignation that soft language which is offered to amuse her. She does not receive it with apparent resentment, but with an ironical applause which disconcerts the speaker, or with a tone
of

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Not but that she is fond enough of praise, when she has reason to think it intelligent and sincere. Before you express your sense of her merit, you must begin with proving your own. Homage founded on esteem may indeed flatter her lofty mind; but the mere trifling of gallantry she always rejects with disdain. Sophia was not formed to enjoy this.

With all this maturity of judgment, and although as fully formed in all respects, as if she were twenty years of age, Sophia being, however, only fifteen, cannot be treated by her parents, as is suitable for a child. Hardly will they have perceived that she begins to be affected with the first anxiety of youth, when they will haste to provide for the consequences of this feeling. Their discourse to her will be ten-

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der and sensible, such as suits her age and character. Her character being such as it has been described, her father will thus address her:

Sophia you are now a tall young woman: and it is not the intention of nature, that you should remain always in your present condition. It is our desire to see you happy; and this for our own sake, because our happiness depends upon your's. The happiness of a virtuous young woman is to be found in making some worthy man happy. We must think of marrying you, and think of it in time; for on marriage depends the fate of life, and we can never have too much time to think of it.

Nothing is more difficult than the choice of a good husband, unless perhaps the choice of a good wife. You, Sophia, will be that uncommon woman; you will be the pride of our life, and the felicity of our old age; but, whatever may be your merit, there are men in the world who have still more merit than you. There is not one who might not be proud of obtaining you; there are many who would honour you still more, than you could them. In this number, we must find out one who will be a suitable match for you, acquaint ourselves with his character, and make you acquainted with him.

The

The greatest happiness of marriage depends upon such a variety of circumstances, that it would be folly to think of uniting them all in our favour. Let us first secure the most important; if the rest can be, at the same time obtained, they are not to be neglected; if they are wanting, let us be content without them. Perfect happiness is no where on earth to be found. But, the greatest of all misfortunes, and what we may at all times avoid, is, to be unfortunate through faults of our own.

There are natural advantages, others which depend upon the institutions of society, and others still which are merely creatures of opinion. Parents and relations may be judges of the two latter in the case of marriage; children themselves must judge of the former. Marriages contracted by the authority of the parents are regulated solely with a view to the advantages dependent upon institution and opinion. In this case it is not the young couple that are married, but their fortunes and conditions in life. These may change, but the persons will still remain; be fortune what it may, personal relations alone can make a marriage happy or unhappy.

Your mother was a woman of rank, and I was rich; these were the sole considerations upon which

we

we were united by our parents. I have lost my fortune, she her name; forgotten as she is by her family, what do the advantages of her birth now avail her; but, amid our misfortunes, the union of our hearts has consoled us for all. The uniformity of our tastes has induced us to chuse this place of retirement, where we live in happy poverty, and find in each other's society more than the world could confer. Sophia is our common treasure. We bless heaven for having given her to us, and for taking away the unsubstantial gifts of fortune. See, my child, how providence has acted in respect to us. The conveniencies for which we married are gone; those which were overlooked as of no value now constitute all our happiness.

Mutual affection is the tie that should always unite a married pair first. Their eyes and hearts should be their first guides; for as their first duty, when they are united, is to love one another, and love depends not upon ourselves; this duty necessarily implies another, that mutual love ought always to go before marriage. You see, my Sophia, that we preach no austere morality. We would make you mistress of yourself, and leave you the choice of your own husband.

After

After mentioning our reasons for leaving you entirely at liberty; it is but fair to inform you, that you ought to make a very cautious use of this liberty. Daughter, you are good and reasonable, you possess integrity and piety, you have such accomplishments as best become a woman of true worth; and you are not destitute of natural charms; but, you are poor; you have the most estimable advantages, but want those which are most esteemed. Aspire, therefore only to what you may obtain, and regulate your ambition, not by our opinions or your own, but by the estimation of the world. If equal merit alone were to determine your choice, I know not where I should confine your hopes; but raise them not above your fortune, and remember that it is one of the smallest. That a man who is deserving of you may not be deterred by the inequality of your fortune; you must then do what he will not; Sophia must imitate her mother, and enter only into a family that will be proud of her. You saw us not in our opulence; we had fallen into poverty before you were born; you cheer our poverty, and share it without discontent. Believe me, Sophia, and strive to obtain the goods of fortune which we thank heaven for taking away from us; our happiness has commenced since we lost our wealth.

You

You are too lovely not to please somebody, and not so wretchedly poor as to be an incumbrance to any worthy man. You will be sought possibly by persons who have not merit to deserve you. If they shew themselves to you in their true colours, you will estimate them at their just value; all their art and show will not long impose upon you; but although your judgment be just, yet you are inexperienced, and know not to what a degree men are capable of simulation; a villain who has address may study your turn of mind, in order to seduce you, and may feign virtues which he does not possess. Such a man might ruin you, Sophia, before you were aware, and you might know your error only to lament it. The most dangerous of all snares, and the only one which reason cannot shun, is that of the senses. If ever you have the misfortune to fall by this snare, illusions and chimeras will dance before you, your eyes will be fascinated, your judgment disturbed, even your error will be dear to you, and although sensible of it, you will be disposed to remain in it. Daughter, it is to the good sense and virtuous dispositions of Sophia I commit you. While your heart remains indifferent, judge for yourself; but as soon as you are in love, commit yourself to the care of your mother.

What

What I thus propose to you, is a mark of our esteem, and restores the order of nature. Parents commonly chuse a husband for a daughter, and consult her only for forms sake. We act in a directly contrary manner; you shall chuse, and only consult us. Use your right; use it freely and wisely. The husband who is proper for you must be of your own choice not ours; but, it must be left to us to judge whether you are not mistaken in respect to your desire, and whether you unknowingly do another thing than what we have agreed that you shall. Birth, fortune, rank, and opinion come not under our consideration. Take a man with whose person you are pleased, and who is of a proper character; and then, be he what he will in all other respects, we will accept him for our son-in-law. His fortune will be sufficient, if he has arms to labour, is of virtuous manners, and loves his family. His rank must be illustrious, if he is ennobled by virtue. Although the world should blame us, what matters it? It is not the public approbation we desire; your happiness is all we aim at.

But, in the mean time, Sophia's father and mother believing that matches would not come to their hamlet in quest of her,—for it is to sequestered hamlets that virtue delights to retire, sent their daughter

ter to pass a winter in town with an aunt whom they secretly acquainted with the purpose of the visit.

Sophia's aunt, in compliance with the wishes of her parents, presented her in different families, took her out with herself, into society, and to entertainments; shewed her the world, or rather shewed her to the world; for Sophia little heeded its bustle. It was observed, however, that she did not avoid young men who were of an agreeable figure and appeared modest and decent in their manners. Her reserve seemed even artfully to attract them by a charm no less powerful than coquetry; but after conversing with them once or twice, she used ever after to shun them. That air of dignity which seemed to command their homage was soon succeeded by a more humble carriage, and by cold, repulsive politeness. Constantly attentive to her own wants, she gave them no occasion of serving her; and this was declaring plainly enough that she would not be their mistress.

Feeling hearts are never fond of tumultuous pleasures; these are the vain, unreal-bliss of persons destitute of feeling who fancy that giddy gaiety and noisy dissipation are the enjoyments of life, Sophia, not finding what she sought, and despairing to find
it,

it, left the city. She had a tender affection for her parents; nothing could make up to her the want of *their society*, or make her forget them. She returned long before the time which was fixed for her return.

Hardly had she resumed her former situation and employment in her father's house, when it was perceived that although her conduct was still the same, her temper was altered. She was at times capricious, and peevish, absent, and melancholy, and would retire by herself, to weep. They at first supposed that she was in love, and was ashamed of her passion. When this was mentioned to her however, she protested that she had seen nobody who had made the slightest impression upon her heart.

Still however her melancholy continued to grow upon her, and her health began to decline. Her mother was troubled at the change, and resolved to learn the cause. She took her apart, and using that insinuating language, and those tender caresses which only the tenderness of a mother knows how to employ. Daughter, said she, I bore you in my womb, and constantly bear you in my heart, depose your secret sentiments in your mother's bosom. What secrets have you which cannot be revealed to a mother? who pities your griefs? who sympa-

thizes in them? Ah! my child, must I be afflicted unto death for your sorrows, without knowing what they are, and whence they arise!

Instead of wishing to hide her griefs from her mother, the young woman sought no better than to have her for her confident and comforter. But, shame hindered her to speak, and her modesty could not find language to describe the emotion which affected and bewildered her senses. At last her bashful shame betrayed her feelings to her mother, and she drew from her the humiliating avowal. Instead of afflicting her by unjust reprimands, she consoled her, pitied her, and wept with her. She was too wise to attribute to her as a crime, a misfortune which her virtue rendered severe. But, why had she continued to subject herself unnecessarily to an evil for which she might have found so easy a remedy? Why had she not availed herself of the permission which had been given her? Why not accept or chuse out a husband? Knew she not that her fate depended upon herself alone, and that, whatever might be her choice, it should be confirmed by parents, as they were sure that she could chuse none but a worthy man? She had been sent to the town, but had not chosen to remain there; several admirers had offered; but she had rejected them

them all. What did she expect? What would she have? Unaccountable contradiction!

The answer was easy. Had an occasional companion been all she wanted, her choice might soon have been made. But, a master for life is not so easily chosen. And these two cannot be separated, a young woman must wait, and often lose her youth, before she can find a man with whom she can venture the happiness of her life. This was Sophia's case. She wanted a lover, but that lover must be her husband; and indeed for the satisfaction of such a heart as her's, a lover would be almost as hard to find as husband. None of all the gay young men who had fluttered about her, possessed any other recommendation than that of equality of age; all other qualifications were wanting to them. Their superficial minds, their vanity, their unmeaning small-talk, their loose morals, their frivolous pursuit of fashion disgusted her. She sought for a man, and found only monkeys; she sought a soul, but could find none.

How unfortunate am I! said she to her mother, I wish to fall in love, but can find no man to please me. My heart rejects all those who win my senses. I see not one who excites my desires, not one who

does not disgust them. Taste not founded on esteem cannot last. Ah! it is not merely a man your Sophia wants; the model of him who must be her's has been too long impressed upon her heart. None but him can she love; with none else can she be happy. She had rather waste away, and struggle with her feelings. She had rather die unhappy, but free, than in despair with a man whom she could not love, and whom she would render unhappy. Better not to be, than to pine away in unintermitting sufferings.

Her mother was struck with the singularity of her sentiments, and thought them so strange that she could not help suspecting some mystery to be concealed under them. Sophia was without prudery or affectation. How could this excess of delicacy suit her character who, from her infancy had learned nothing so much as to accommodate herself to the manners of those with whom she lived, and make a virtue of necessity? That model of the amiable man with whom she was enchanted, and who was so constantly mentioned in all her conversations, led her mother to suspect that this capricious idea had some foundation which she knew not of, and that Sophia had not told all her mind. The unhappy young woman oppressed by her secret uneasiness,

finest, sought nothing better than to open her mind more fully. Her mother urged her. She hesitated, but was at last prevailed on, and going out of the room without saying any thing, returned, within a little, with a book in her hand. Pity your unhappy daughter, said she, her distress is incurable, her tears can never be dried up. You would know the cause; here it is, said she, throwing the book upon the table. Her mother took up the book, and opened it. It was the adventures of Telemachus. She did not at first conceive the meaning of this mysterious confession. By a series of questions, and obscure answers, she at length came to understand that her daughter was the rival of Eucharis: a discovery which gave her no small surprise.

Sophia was in love with Telemachus, and loved with an ardour of passion which nothing could cure. When her father and mother knew her folly, they laughed at it, and imagined that they might cure her of it by reason. But, they were wrong, for reason was not on their side. Sophia could reason as well as they. Often did she reduce them to silence by using their own reasonings against themselves, and shewing that they had done wrong in forming her for a man of a different age than that in which she lived, that she must either adopt her

husband's modes of thinking, or communicate her's to him, that they had rendered the former impossible by the manner in which they had brought her up, and that the other was precisely what she sought. Give me, said she, a man who is impressed or may be impressed with my own maxims, and I will make him my husband. But, till that shall happen, why blame me? Pity me, rather, I am unhappy, not foolish. Does the heart depend upon the will? Has not my father said that it does not? Is it my fault, that I love an imaginary being? I am no visionary, I want not a Prince; I ask not *Telemachus*, I know him to be a fictitious character, I ask only some man resembling him; and why may there not as well be such a one as he as such a one as I? No, let us not presume thus to dishonor humanity; let us not suppose an amiable and virtuous man merely a chimera. There must be such a man, and perhaps he is in search of me, of a woman who has a heart to love him. But who is he? Where is he? I know him not, I have not yet seen him; undoubtedly, I have not seen him. O mother! why have you made virtue so amiable in my eyes? If only virtue can gain my love, you are more blameable for this than I.

But,

But, it is now time to shew my pupil to Sophia. We leave Paris, in a pensive, melancholy humour. That scene of nonsense and folly is not the centre of our happiness. Emilius turns back upon it an idea of disdain, and says with scorn, how many days have I lost in vain pursuits! Ah! here I shall never find the wife of my heart; you know it well, my friend; but, my time costs you nothing, and my evils occasion you but little uneasiness. I look stedfastly upon him, and ask, Emilius, do you think as you say? That instant he flung himself, in confusion, upon my neck, and locked me in his arms, but could make no reply. Indeed this is the only reply he ever makes when he is wrong.

We are now in the open country, like true knights-errant; not, like them, seeking adventures; these we are rather fleeing, when we quit Paris; but we imitate them in wandering carelessly without any certain direction of our journey, sometimes proceeding quick, and sometimes slowly. I do not suppose any reader so much prejudiced in behalf of customs as to imagine that we are both asleep in a good close post-chaise, proceeding onwards, without seeing or observing any thing, thus killing absolutely the space between our setting out and our reaching our journey's end.

I have

I have set a period to our first journey of which there is no immediate prospect: the pretext was easy; when we left Paris, we were to go to a distance in search of a wife.

After wandering for some days among hills and pathless vallies, we knew not where we were. This was a matter of no consequence to us to whom all roads are equally good, provided they end somewhere. But, when hungry, one can no longer wander about, without looking for some place of refreshment. We had the good fortune to meet with a peasant who led us to his cottage. We eat, with an eager appetite of his poor dinner. When he saw us so hungry and weary; Would to God, said he, that you had happened to take the other side of the hill; you would have been better received:—you would have found there an house of peace—people so charitable, so good!—Not that I will allow them to have kinder hearts than mine; but they are richer; although indeed they are said to have been once much richer than they are at present. Thank God! all the country is the better for what yet remains to them.

At this account, Emilius felt his heart dilate with pleasure. My friend, said he, looking to me, let

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us go to this house the inhabitants of which are so much beloved in the neighbourhood ; I should like to see them ; perhaps they may also be pleased to see us. I am sure, they will receive us well ; if they are for us, we must be for them.

We received a direction to the house, with which we set out, and wandered through the woods ; a heavy rain surprised us before we could reach the term of our journey ; it retarded, but did not stop us. At last we found our way, and in the evening arrived at the house of those good people. In the hamlet where it stands, *this house, although simple, has a good appearance, and was easily distinguished ; we presented ourselves, and asked entertainment for the night.* We were introduced to the master of the house, who put some questions to us politely : we told him the purpose of our journey, but did not scruple to mention what had brought us to his house.—In consequence of the style of opulence in which he formerly lived, he can easily distinguish people's rank in life by the tone of their manners ; on this head any person who has lived in the great world will seldom mistake ; and by this passport it was that we gained admission.

We

We were shewn to an apartment, which was very small, but neat and snug; a fire was put on, and we were provided with linen, and every thing else we needed. What! cried Emilius, this seems as if we had been expected. The countryman was right in what he said. What attention, what kindness what provident hospitality! and all this to strangers. Methinks, I am carried back to the days of Homer. You may observe all this, said I, but need not be surpris'd at it; wherever strangers seldom come, they are well received; nothing has a better effect to make men hospitable, than their having few occasions for the exercise of hospitality. In the days of Homer there were few travellers; and those few were therefore well received. We are perhaps the only passengers who have been seen here this year. No matter, replied he, so much the more is there praise, since they receive guests so well although they so seldom see them.

After drying ourselves, and changing our linens, we went to wait upon the master of the house. He presented us to his wife, and she received us not barely with politeness, but with kindness. Emilius caught her notice particularly, for a woman in her situation, seldom sees a young man of his age, enter her house without uneasiness, or at least curiosity.

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In consideration for us, supper was prepared earlier than usual. When we entered the dining-room, we saw five covers laid. We sat down; but still there remained one unoccupied. A young woman came in, curtesying respectfully, and then modestly seated herself, without speaking. Emilius, taken up with eating his supper, and with answering the questions put to him, saluted the young lady, but continued to talk, and eat. The chief object of his journey was far from his thoughts, and he still supposed himself far from the end of it. The conversation turned upon our wandering from the road. Sir, said the master of the house, you seem to be an amiable and intelligent young man, which makes me think your governor and you, wet and weary as you have arrived here, like Telemachus and Mentor in the isle of Calypso.—True, replied Emilius, here we meet with the hospitality of Calypso, and the charms of Eucharis, added his Mentor. But Emilius knows the Odyssæy, and has not yet read Telemachus. He knew not, therefore, who Eucharis was. As for the young woman, I observed her blush to the eyes, cast her eyes down upon her plate, and remained almost breathless. Her mother who remarked her confusion, made a sign to her father, and he gave the conversation a different turn. Speaking of solitude,

litude, he insensibly fell into an account of the incidents which had occasioned his retirement, the misfortunes of his life, the constancy of his wife, the calmness and tranquillity which they enjoyed in solitude, without saying a word of the young woman who was present. Those things made all together an entertaining and affecting story, which it was impossible to hear without becoming interested in it. *Emilius* moved, and affected, gave over eating and listened attentively. At last, in the place where the worthiest of men enlarged with pleasure on the attachment of the most respectable of women, my young traveller, transported at the story of their virtues, could not help pressing the hand of the husband, and at the same time the hand of the wife, and bursting into tears. Every one was delighted with the natural and unaffected vivacity of the young man; but the daughter, more affected than any one by this proof of the goodness of his heart, thought him *Telemachus* sympathizing in the sorrows of *Philoctetes*. She raised her eyes to examine his figure, and saw nothing in it unfavourable to the comparison. His air discovered freedom without arrogance, his manners were sprightly without absurdity; his sensibility rendered his look milder and gave a more pleasing expression to his features; the young woman, at seeing him weep, was ready to mingle her own

own tears with his. Although the occasion was so fair, she was however with-held by a secret shame; she secretly reproached herself when the tears stood in her eyes, as if it had been criminal in her to weep for the misfortunes of her family.

Her mother, who had continued to watch over her, since she came in to supper, observed her constraint, and relieved her by sending her out upon a commission. The young woman returned within a few moments, but it was plain to all that she had been weeping. Her mother gently said to her; Sophia, will you never have done weeping the misfortunes of your parents? you who are their consolation amidst those misfortunes should not feel for them more than they.

At hearing the young lady called Sophia, Emilius could not help starting; at so dear a name, he was roused from his indifference, and looked eagerly on her who was called by it. Sophia, O Sophia! is it you whom my heart seeks? He observes and surveys her with a sort of fear and distrust: her figure is not exactly that which he had fancied to himself, nor does he yet know, whether it is better or worse: he watches every movement and gesture, and finds in all a thousand indistinct expressions of

the truth. He would give half his life to hear her speak but a single word. He looks upon me with an eye of confusion and anxiety. His eyes address me with an hundred questions and an hundred reproaches at once. By every look he seems to say, save and direct me, while it is not yet too late; if my heart once gives itself up to the delusion, I shall never be able to recover from it.

No man in the world is less capable of disguising his feelings than Emilius. How should he disguise them, when they are in greater commotion than they ever were in his life before, and he is seated among four spectators who have all an inquisitive eye upon him, and of whom that one who seems the least attentive, is in reality more watchful than any of the others. His disorder is not unnoticed by the penetrating eyes of Sophia; and his eyes tell her that she is herself the cause of his confusion; she perceives that this confusion does not yet deserve the name of love, but no matter. He attends to her; and this is enough. Unhappy will it be for her, if he can attend to her with impunity.

Mothers have eyes, as well as their daughters, and experience besides: Sophia's mother smiles at the success of our projects. She reads what is passing

sing in the hearts of the two young folks, sees that it is time to fix the heart of the young Telemachus, and makes her daughter speak. Her daughter, with her natural gentleness, replies in a timid tone of voice, the softness of which only renders it so much the more successful, Emilius no sooner hears her voice than he is restored to himself. It is Sophia; his doubts are removed. And, were it not she, it were however, now too late to undeceive him.

The charms of the young inchantress now poured upon his heart, and he began to swallow deep draughts of the intoxicating poison. He has ceased to speak; he only sees and listens to Sophia; when she speaks, he opens his lips; when she casts down her eyes, he casts down his likewise; when he sees her breathe, he sighs, as if he were animated by the soul of Sophia; his own has changed in the space of a few moments! It is not now Sophia's turn, but Emilius's, to tremble. Adieu, freedom, frankness, unsuspecting simplicity. Confused, embarrassed, fearful, he dares not look about him, lest he should see us remark his embarrassment. Ashamed of betraying himself, he would hide from all the world, to please himself with contemplating her,

unobserved. Sophia again perceives the fears of Emilius; sees her own triumph and enjoys it.

Her countenance has not changed; but notwithstanding her modest air, and downcast eyes, her tender heart beats with joy, and tells her that Telemachus is found.

It may be naturally supposed that the night which followed such an evening was not passed wholly in sleep, by Emilius and me. What then! Ought conformity of name to have such influence over any man? Was there only one Sophia in the world? Were they all alike in soul as in name? Must every Sophia he met with, be his Sophia? Was not he a fool to fall thus violently in love with a stranger to whom he had never once spoken? Stay, young man; examine; observe. You know not yet even in whose house you are; but, to hear you talk, one might suppose you already in your own house.

This was not the time for lessons, but what was here said, only served to interest the young man more warmly in Sophia, by calling upon him to justify his rising passion. The similarity of name, the meeting which he supposed accidental, and my reserve served all to inflame the ardour of his passion.

sion. Sophia already appeared in his eyes so amiable, that he had no doubt but I might be gained to love her.



In the morning, Emilius, although in an indifferent travelling dress, is at unusual pains to make himself neat. He neglects nothing; but I laugh at the eagerness with which he makes use of the linen of the house, I discern his thoughts, and perceive with pleasure, that by preparing for restitution and acknowledgement, he is desirous of establishing a sort of correspondence, and intercourse with the family.

I had expected to find Sophia also dressed out with some more pains. But, I was mistaken. That vulgar coquetry does very well for those whom we desire only to please. True love has more refinement, and different pretensions. Sophia was dressed still more plainly than on the foregoing evening, and even more carelessly, although still with scrupulous neatness. In her negligence I see coquetry no farther than as it is expressive of affectation. Sophia knew that a more studied dress would have been a declaration of her passion: but did not consider that unusual negligence was equally so. She shewed that some women are not satisfied with

pleasing by their dress, but wish rather to please by personal charms unaided by the advantages of dress.

It may be supposed, that while my pupils were conversing together on the preceding evening, Sophia and her mother had not remained mute. Confession had no doubt been made, and instructions received. - On the morning, therefore, all parties were prepared for a new rencounter. Our young folks had not been a dozen of hours together, had not spoken a word, the one to the other; already, however, they understood each other; but did not meet in a familiar manner, but with embarrassment and timidity. They did not speak; their eyes were downcast, and seemed to be turned away, a sure sign that they were now conscious of their mutual sentiments; they avoided meeting each other's glances; but this appeared as if it had been by mutual consent; they felt the need of mystery before they had spoken to one another. When we took our leave, we asked permission to return ourselves with the articles of dress which we carried away from them with us. Emilius' lips asked this permission from the father and the mother; while his eyes which were turned upon the daughter, demanded the same thing much more earnestly from her. Sophia said nothing, made no signal, seemed neither to see nor

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to hear; but she blushed, and her blushing was still more decisive in his favour, than the obliging answer her father and mother.

We were not invited to stay, but obtained leave to return. This was the proper part for her parents to act. Passengers who have lost their way may be entertained, but it is not decent for a lover to sleep of in the same house with his mistress.

Hardly had we left the dear house, when Emilius began to consider how we might settle in the neighbourhood. The nearest cottage was, in his mind at too great a distance. He willingly would have slept in the moat of the castle. Young fool that you are, said I, in a tone of pity, what! are you already blinded by passion. Unhappy youth! you fancy yourself in love, and would you dishonour your mistress! What will the world say of her, when it comes to be known, that a young man, after spending the day in her house, sleeps in the neighbourhood? You love her, did you say? And would you ruin her reputation? Would you make this return for the hospitality of her parents? Would you bring shame upon her from whom you expect the happiness of your life? What signify, replied he smartly, the vain discourse and unjust suspicious

suspicious of men? Have not you yourself learned to disregard them? Who knows better than I how much I honour and respect my Sophia? My attachment will do her no dishonour; it will be her glory, for it is worthy of her. When my heart, and my attentions shall every where do her the homage she merits, how shall I injure her? Dear Emilius, replied I embracing him, you reason for yourself: learn to reason for her, and compare not the honour of the one sex to that of the other; the principles are different. They are indeed equally solid and equally reasonable, being derived alike from nature; and the same virtue which teaches you to despise the conversation of men in respect to yourself, obliges you to respect it in so far as it regards your mistress. Your honour depends only upon yourself; her's depends upon another. To neglect it would be to injure yourself; and you do not your duty to yourself, if you are the cause of her being treated by the world worse than she deserves.

The young man alarmed at these consequences which I pointed out to him, and extravagant in his notions, began now to imagine that he could not be at too great a distance from Sophia. He doubled his speed that he might the sooner be parted from her; and looked about to see whether there were
any

any one to overhear us. He would have sacrificed his own happiness a thousand times, to save the honour of her he loved; he would rather never see her again, than occasion her the slightest uneasiness.

Our object now therefore was to find a place of abode at some distance, but not at an inconvenient distance. We sought about and enquired. We learned, that two leagues farther, was a town. We went thither to lodge, rather than in any of the adjoining villages, where our stay might have a suspicious appearance. There, at last, did the young lover arrive, with a heart overflowing with love, hope, and joy, and above all, with virtuous sentiments.

Emilius did not forget that we had some things to restore. As soon as we had made ourselves ready, we mounted our horses, and set out full speed; he would have wished his journey ended, for this once, ere it was begun. The road unluckily was broken and rugged; we wandered astray; he was the first to perceive this, and without fretting or complaining, did all that he could to find it, but wandered for a long while unsuccessfully, yet still with the same coolness.

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We at last arrived. We were received in a much plainer and more obliging manner than before; the family and we were already old acquaintance. Emilius and Sophia saluted each other with some small degree of embarrassment, but entered not into conversation: what indeed should they say in our presence? Their conversation must be without witnesses. Our party went to walk in the garden. Instead of a parterre, it consists of an extensive plantation of pot-herbs; and instead of a parterre, filled with large and fine fruit-trees of all sorts, divided by several little rills, and borders of flowers. What a charming place! cried Emilius, his head still full of Homer, and warm with enthusiasm; methinks, I see the garden of Alcinous. The young lady was curious to know, who Alcinous might be, and her mother put the question. Alcinous, answered I, was a king of Concyra, whose garden described by Homer, has been criticised by some persons of taste, as too simple, too destitute of ornament. That Alcinous had a lovely daughter, who, on an evening before a stranger was hospitably received by her father, dreamed, that she was soon to have a husband. Sophia blushed, looked to the ground, and bit her tongue; her confusion cannot well be imagined. Her father, pleased to increase it, here took a part in the conversation, and said; when the young
princess

princess went herself to wash the dirty linen in the river, would she disdain, think you, to touch the dirty towels, and say, that they smelled of grease? Sophia, upon this, forgetting her natural timidity, excused herself with spirit; and as she spoke, looked aside upon me, with a degree of apparent uneasiness, at which I could not help laughing; as I read in her ingenuous heart, the concern which prompted her to speak. Her father had the cruelty to push his raillery farther, and to ask, what induced her to say any thing common to her with the daughter of Alcinous? She now trembling and ashamed, durst not raise her eyes, or hardly ever draw her breath; charming girl! It is now late to feign; you have already made an involuntary discovery of the state of your heart.

This little scene was soon forgotten, or at least seemed to be so; and very fortunately for Sophia, Emilius was the only person who could draw no inferences from it. We continued our walk; the young folks who had at first walked beside us, could hardly confine themselves to our slow pace; and we soon saw them a good way before us. Sophia seemed grave and attentive, and Emilius was speaking in a raised voice and with an animated gesture; their conversation appeared to be sufficiently interesting

teresting to both. After an hour's walk, we called to them, and turned back, ourselves. They too returned slowly, plainly striving to make the most of their time. At last, they ceased at once from conversation, before they were so near as that we could hear them, came on with a quicker step, and soon overtook us. Emilius accosted us with an air of frankness and fondness; his eyes sparkled with joy; he turned them however with some degree of anxiety towards Sophia's mother, to see how she would receive. Sophia was far from being equally free of embarrassment; as she came up, she appeared in confusion at seeing herself engaged in a particular conversation with a young man; although she had often been so before, without ever being blamed for it. She ran hastily up to her mother, somewhat out of breath, and whispered a few words of little import in her ear, making as if she had been a long while beside.

By the cheerful expression in the countenances of that amiable young couple, it was plain that what had passed between them, had proved a great relief to their young hearts. They are still as much reserved as ever towards each other; but there is less embarrassment than before in their reserve. It now depends only upon the respectful tenderness of Emilius,

lius, the modesty of Sophia, and the honour of both. Emilius would sometimes presume to address a few words to her, and she would sometimes venture to answer; but she never opened her mouth without looking first upon her mother; the greatest change in her manner was with respect to me. She discovered the most earnest and respectful regard towards me, spoke to me with affection, was attentive to please me; I could perceive both that she honoured me with her esteem, and was not a little desirous of obtaining mine. I understand by this that Emilius had spoken of me to her; it seemed as if they had concerted a little plot to gain me: this is not however so easy a matter; nor is Sophia herself so soon to be gained. He will perhaps have more need yet of my interest with her, than of her's with me. Charming pair!—when I reflect that the affectionate heart of my young friend has prompted him to speak too much of me at his first interview; I enjoy the reward of all my pains in his education; his friendship is compensation for all.

Our visits are repeated. The conversations between our young people become more and more frequent. Emilius intoxicated with love, thinks himself near the accomplishment of his happiness. He however obtains no formal consent from Sophia;

She hears him, but says nothing. Emilius knows her modesty; and is therefore little surprized at so great a degree of reserve; he perceives that he is on no unfavourable footing with her; he knows that it is the part of parents to regulate the marriages of their children; he supposes that Sophia wants the permission of her parents; he asks her leave to apply for their consent; she makes no opposition to his wishes. He speaks to me, and I, in his name, and even in his presence, speak to the old folks. But, how much is he surprized to learn that Sophia is absolute mistress of her own destiny, and is left at full liberty to give her hand to whom she pleases! He begins to be confounded at her conduct. His confidence diminishes; he is alarmed; he sees, that he has gained less ground than he had imagined; and now the tenderest love employs its most affecting, insinuating language to soften his heart.

Emilius is not of a character to discover readily what it is that opposes his success. He will never discover it; and Sophia is too proud to tell him. Those things which raise difficulties to her would rather prove inducements with others. She has not forgotten the lessons of her parents. She is poor; Emilius is rich; and she knows this. How much,
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then, does he need to win her esteem! What high merits must he possess, in order to efface the effects of this inequality? But, how should he think of these difficulties? Does Emilius know that he is rich? Does he use any pains to inform himself of this? Thank heaven! he has no need of riches; he can be beneficent without them. He derives the good he does from his heart, not from his purse. He gives to the unhappy his time, his cares, his affections, his person; and in estimating his favours, hardly reckons any thing upon the money which he distributes among the indigent.

Not knowing how to account for his disgrace, he lays it to his own fault; for who would presume to accuse the object of his adoration, as capricious? He no longer approaches Sophia with the amiable confidence of heart that feels itself worthy of her; he is fearful and tremulous in her presence. He no longer hopes to gain upon her tenderness; but seeks to move her pity. His patience sometimes fails; and then disdain is ready to arise in its room. Sophia seems to perceive what is passing in his mind, and gives him a look: that look alone disarms and intimidates him; and he becomes more submissive than ever.

Distressed by so obstinate resistance and such invincible silence, he opens his heart to his friend; and in his bosom deposits his griefs; entreating his assistance and advice. What an impenetrable mystery! That she is interested in my fate, I can have no doubt; instead of avoiding me, she takes a pleasure in my company. When I arrive, she discovers a degree of joy; she is equally sorry when I depart. She receives my attentions kindly; she seems pleased with my services; she deigns to give me advice, and sometimes even commands. Yet she rejects my solicitations and prayers. Whenever I presume to speak of our union, she imperiously commands me to be silent; and if I add another word, that instant leaves me. Upon what strange principle, would she have me to be her's, and yet not permit me to say that I wish her to be mine? You whom she honours, you whom she loves, and whom she will not dare to command to silence, speak, and prevail with her to speak; serve your friend; perfect your work; suffer not your cares to become fatal to your pupil. Ah! what he has learned from you must make him miserable, unless you complete his happiness.

I address myself to Sophia, and with some difficulty obtain from her the avowal of a secret which I knew, before she told it me. I had more difficul-

ty in obtaining her permission to communicate it to Emilius. This too I at last obtained; and I availed myself of it. This explanation affected him with the highest astonishment. He could have no previous ideas of such delicacy. He could not conceive how a few crowns more or less could affect the merit of a personal character. When I let him know that there were, however, certain prejudices on which those had an influence, he fell a laughing; and in a transport of joy, he was for setting out that instant to divest himself of all he possessed, to renounce, and throw all from him,—that he might have the honour of being as poor as Sophia, and might, on his return, be worthy of being her husband.—

What! cried I, stopping him, and laughing in my turn, at his impetuosity, will that young head of your's never become cool. After philosophizing all your life, will you never learn to reason? Can you not see that by this scheme, you would only make your situation worse, and render Sophia more obdurate? It is but a small advantage you have in possessing rather more property than she; but you would have a very great one over her, if you had for her sacrificed all your possessions; if her pride would not deign to receive the former obligation; how could she think of being indebted to you for

the latter? If she will not leave it in her husband's power, to say, that he has made her rich; would she rather, think you, that he should have it to say, that she has made him poor? Unhappy youth! well may you tremble for fear that she hath even suspected you of such a purpose. For her sake rather become careful and æconomical, lest she should accuse you of striving to gain her by a stratagem, and sacrificing voluntarily on her account, whatever you waste through negligence. By time and constancy you may prevail over her resistance. By greatness and generosity of sentiment, you may oblige her to forget your riches. Love her, serve her, and serve her respectable parents. Prove that your attentions are not the effects of a light and transient passion, but of principles unalterably engraven in your heart. Pay its due honours to merit injured by fortune: this is the only means for reconciling it to merit favoured by fortune.

It may be easily conceived how this discourse transported the young man's heart; and renewed his hope and confidence. His worthy heart rejoiced in the idea of having nothing to do, in order to please Sophia, except what he would at any rate have done although there had been no Sophia in the world, or she had not been the object of his affections. It is
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not hard to conceive how a young man of his character would be disposed to act upon this occasion.

Thus have I become the confident of the young couple, and the agent of their love. Fine employment this for a governor!—So much so, that I never in my life did any thing that raised me so much in my own eyes, and made me so well pleased with myself. Besides, this task has its pleasures; I stand on the better footing with the family; they trust to me, to keep the lovers in order. Emilius, in constant dread of displeasing me, was never so docile; and the little maid loads me with every mark of friendship, of which, however, I am not the dupe, but take to myself only my proper share. She thus indirectly makes amends to herself for the respectful distance at which she holds Emilius. She gives me a thousand tender careffes which she would sooner die than lavish on himself; and he knowing that I am friendly to his interests, is delighted to see me upon such good terms with her. When she refuses her arm to him in walking, he consoles himself when he sees, that it is only in order to give the preference to me. He retires without a murmur, clasping my hand, and whispering; my friend, speak for me. He looks earnestly after us; he strives to read our sentiments in our faces, and to interpret

our

our discourse by our gestures; he knows, that nothing which passes between us, can be indifferent to him. Good Sophia! how much is your honest heart at ease, when, unheard by Telemachus, you can converse with his Mentor? With what amiable frankness you allow him to read all which passes in that tender heart! With what pleasure you shew him your esteem for his pupil! With what *affecting ingenuousness* you leave him to read even your softest sentiments? With what well-affected resentment you dismiss the troublesome lover, when his impatience prompts him to break in upon us? *With what a charming air of disdain*, you reprove him for his indiscretion when he comes to hinder her from speaking good of him, from hearing his praises from one, and from drawing from my answers still some new reasons for loving him.

Emilius thus made to suffer, as a declared Lover, knows how to avail himself of his rights: He speaks, he urges, he solicits, he is importunate. If he can only be heard, he refuses not to be harshly spoken to, and to be maltreated. At last, he obtains, although not without difficulty, this much, that Sophia, on her part, assumes the authority of a mistress over him, prescribes what he is to do, commands, instead of intreating, accepts, instead of thanking,

thanking, regulates the number and the times of his visits, forbids him to come till such a day, or to stay, after a certain hour. All this is not done in sport, but very seriously, and not as if she was unwilling to assume these prerogatives, she exercises them with a degree of rigour which sometimes makes poor Emilius regret his having resigned them into her hands. But, whatever she orders, he makes no reply, and *often when in obedience to her*, he goes away, looks on me with eyes full of joy which seems to tell, you see that *she has taken possession of me*. But, the proud maid observes him, and laughs, in secret, at the exultation of her slave.

Raphael! lend me thy voluptuous pencil. Divine Milton, teach me to describe the pleasures of love and innocence. But, no, hide your flattering arts before the truth of nature. Only let your hearts be susceptible, and your souls pure; then leave your imagination to rove unconstrained, and to represent to you the transports of two young lovers, who, under the eyes of their parents and their guides, yield to the sweet illusion, and in the ardour of their desires, advance slowly towards the completion of them, intertwining with flowers and garlands, the happy bands which are to unite them till death. So many charming images transport me; I bring
them

them together, without order or connexion; the delirium which they produce hinders me from combining them. Oh! who that has a heart can fail to represent to himself the delightful picture of the differing situations of father, mother, daughter, governor, pupil, and the concurrence of all to unite the most charming couple that were ever happy in love and virtue.

It is now, that Emilius, becomes truly earnest to please, begins to learn the value of the agreeable talents which he has acquired. Sophia is fond of singing; he sings with her; he does more; he teaches her music. She is light and lively; she is fond of leaping; he dances with her; and improves her steps to more graceful motions. These lessons are charming; sportive gaiety enlivens them; and thus softens the respectful timidity of love; a lover, the preceptor of his mistress, must give his lessons with pleasure.

There is an old harpsichord which was out of order. Emilius has fitted it up, and tuned it. Having laid it down as a maxim to learn to do as much as possible without having recourse to the assistance of another, there are few of the little arts necessary about a house which he cannot exercise.

The

The house of Sophia's parents stands in a picturesque situation; he has drawn several of the views about it to which Sophia has sometimes put her hand, and with which she adorns her father's closet. The frames are not gilt, nor do they need gilding. By seeing Emilius draw, and imitating him, she perfects herself after his example, cultivates every talent, and the same charm embellishes them all. Her father and mother recollect their former opulence when they see about them the fine arts which alone gave a value to opulence. Love has ornamented their whole house; love alone, without trouble or expence, restores those pleasures which they formerly purchased with pains and money.

As idolatry enriches the objects of its worship with such treasures as it values and decks upon the altar, the deity whom it adores; the lover in the same manner, is ever adding new ornaments to set off the beauties of his mistress. Not that she needs them to please him, but he, to array her: he thinks this a new homage which he pays her; it makes him survey her charms with new interest. He thinks nothing beautiful in its proper place, unless it adorn her who is in his eyes the perfection of beauty. It is a sight at once affecting and laughable, to see Emilius eagerly teach Sophia all he knows, without considering

considering whether what he would teach her is agreeable to her taste, or suitable for her. He speaks of every thing, and explains every thing to her with childish earnestness. He supposes that he needs only to speak, and that she must instantly understand. He represents to himself beforehand, what pleasure he must have in reasoning and philosophising with her. He thinks all those of his acquisitions useless, which he cannot display before her. He almost blushes at the thought of knowing any thing which she knows not.

He gives her lessons, therefore, of philosophy, physics, mathematics, history, in a word, of every thing. Sophia with pleasure, strives to avail herself of his eagerness to instruct her. How happy is Emilius when he succeeds so far as to prevail with her to allow him to give his lessons on his knees before her; it is as if heaven were opened to him. But, this situation more inconvenient to the scholar than to the master, is not the most favourable to instruction. It is not easy for their eyes to avoid meeting: And when they meet, the lesson does not go on the faster.

Notwithstanding this general good understanding, dissensions and quarrels sometimes arise. The mistress

trials is not void of caprice, nor the lover without impatience. But such little storms are soon over, and only serve to unite them the closer. Emilius is in love, and therefore not imprudent; nor will Sophia be supposed ready to admit his familiarities. However, after long restraint, he, at length ventured unseen to kiss the hem of her robe, and was, several times fortunate enough to do so unperceived, or at least without her noticing the freedom. One day, he presumed to take the same freedom a little more openly, and she thought proper to take it very ill. He would maintain his right; and she became angry; spite prompted her to use some mortifying words. Emilius could not endure them without replying. The rest of the day was passed in mutual fullness, and they parted very ill satisfied with each other.

Sophia was uneasy. Her mother is her confident: how should she conceal her uneasiness from her? this was their first quarrel; and such a quarrel is a very mighty matter. She repents of her fault; her mother permits, and her father commands her to repair it.

Next day, Emilius being uneasy, returned sooner than usual. Sophia is at her mother's toilet; her

father is likewise in the room. Emilius enters with a respectful, but melancholy air. Hardly have the father and mother saluted him, when Sophia turning, offers him her hand and asks, in a tone of kindness, how he is? It is plain that so fair a hand is held out to be kissed. He takes, but does not kiss it. Sophia, in some confusion, draws it back with as good a grace as possible. Emilius, not accustomed to the manners of the women, and not knowing what caprice is good for, does not so easily forget, or so soon forgive a slight. Sophia's father seeing her disappointed, compleats her confusion by his raillery. The poor girl, confounded, and humbled, knows not what to do, but would give all the world that she durst weep. The more she constrains herself, so much the more does her heart swell. At last, a tear drops in spite of her. Emilius sees the tear, falls at her feet, seizes her hand, and kisses it, several times passionately. Indeed you are too good, said the father bursting out with laughter. I should be less indulgent to these fooleries, but should punish the offending mouth. Emilius emboldened by these words, turned a suppliant eye towards her mother, and believing that he could see a sign of her consent, advanced with tremor to snatch a kiss from the rosy lips of Sophia, who, to save them, turned her cheek. The indif-

creet youth was not satisfied with this. She made a faint resistance. What a kiss, had it not been taken before a mother! Rigid Sophia! beware; your gown he will often ask to kiss, on condition that you sometimes refuse him.

After this exemplary punishment, the father went out about some piece of business; her mother sent Sophia out upon some pretext, and then taking the opportunity of addressing Emilius, said to him in a serious tone; Sir, I am persuaded, that a young man, so honourably born, and so well educated as you, who has worthy sentiments and virtuous manners, would not wish to return the kindness a family shew for you by dishonouring them. I am neither harsh nor prudish; I know what allowances are to be made to the gaiety of youth; as what I have permitted in my presence may convince you. Consult your friend concerning what is suitable for you to do; he will tell you, that there is a difference between those little acts of gaiety which are authorised by the presence of a father and mother, and the liberties which are taken in their absence by abusing their confidence, and turning into snares, favours which in their presence are innocent. He will tell you, Sir, that my daughter was not wrong in any other respect, but in not checking at first,

what she should never have suffered. He will tell you, that whatever may be taken as a favour, becomes one, and that it is unworthy of a man to abuse the simplicity of a young woman even so far as to take in secret, liberties which she may permit before the whole world: for it is known what may be tolerated in public by the laws of good breeding. But, it is not so easy to know, in private, where he ought to be restrained, who makes himself the sole judge of his whimsies!

After this just and sensible reprimand, which was addressed rather to me than to my pupil, this respectable mother retired, leaving me astonished at her singular prudence, which thought nothing of seeing her daughter's lips kissed in her presence, but was afraid even of the kissing of the hem of her robe in her absence. Her impressing the heart of Emilius, upon this occasion, with the sense of duties, which I rather should have dictated to him, suggested to me a new reflexion, which perhaps does the most honour to Sophia, but which, however, I shall beware of communicating to her lover. It is, that her pretended pride, for which she has been blamed, is plainly nothing more than a very wise precaution which she takes in her own behalf. Knowing the natural ardour of her temperament,

she

she dreads the slightest spark which may kindle the flame of desire in her bosom. Her severity is not the effect of her pride, but of her humility. She assumes that power over Emilius which she is afraid of his gaining over Sophia: She avails herself of the one as a defence against the other. Far from appearing proud of her conquest, she is become more affable and less assuming with all the world. With the young men especially who visit the family, her conduct is become much less distant than it formerly was. Having fixed her choice, she is frank and easy with persons who can never be otherwise than indifferent to her. Being now less difficult on the score of their merit, since she can no longer be particularly interested in them, she finds them always amiable for people with whom her fate can never be particularly connected.

If true love were capable of coquetry, I should fancy, that I saw some instances of it in Sophia's behaviour to them in her lover's presence. One might say, that not content with the ardour of passion with which she has inspired him by a skilful mixture of kindness with reserve, she endeavours to inflame his passion farther by a little of the uneasiness of jealousy. One might say, that while she

flirts with her young visitants, she intends to torment Emilius, by taking freedoms with them which she dares not permit herself with him. But Sophja is too attentive, too good, too judicious to give him pain; and if she at any time gives him some little uneasiness in this way, she never makes him gloomy. Emilius in his love and jealousy, is not passionate, pettish, and distrustful, but delicate, feeling, fearful; he is more anxious to win his mistress, than earnest to intimidate a rival; he removes such, if he can, as an obstacle in his way, without hating him as an enemy. If he hate him, it is not for his audacity in daring to dispute with him, a heart to which he makes pretension, but for the real danger which he makes him run of losing her. He has no unreasonable pride to take offence foolishly at any one for presuming to enter into competition with him.

But, whither have I been insensibly led. O Emilius! what is become of thee? Art thou still my pupil. Where is the young man who was so hardily formed, who braved the rigours of the seasons, who exposed his body to the rudest hardships, and subjected his soul to the laws of wisdom. Emascuated, however, by a life of idleness, he now submits to the government of women; their amusements

ments are his occupations, their pleasure, a law to him; a girl is the mistress of his destiny; he bows and creeps before her. The grave Emilius is now become more hardy than ever. He needs all the robust vigour to which I have formed him, in order that he may bear the fatigues which Sophia imposes upon him.

He lives at two leagues distance from her. This distance is the forge in which I temper the shafts of love. If they lived only at a door or two's distance from each other, or if he could go indolently to see her in his carriage, he would love her at his ease, in the Parisian fashion. Would Leander have died for Hero, if the sea had not been between them.

In the beginning of our visits to Sophia, we had taken horses with us, that we might reach our journey's end the sooner. We found this convenient, and for five times continued to go on horseback. We were expected, on our fifth visit, and when we were within half a league of the house, we observed people upon the road. Emilius felt his heart beat; he advanced to meet them; he knew Sophia; and throwing himself from his horse, ran towards her, and was instantly at the feet of the amiable family. Emilius is fond of fine horses; his own is high-mettled,

tled, and when he found himself at liberty, ran away over the fields. I followed, and with some difficulty caught and brought him back. Unfortunately, Sophia is afraid of horses, and I durst not approach her. Emilius noticed nothing of all this. But Sophia whispered, that he was giving his friend a great deal of trouble. Emilius, in confusion, hastily came, took the horses, and waited behind. It was but fair that each should take their turn. He rode on to quit himself of the horses, but, as Sophia staid behind, he has no longer thought riding so agreeable a mode of travelling when he goes to see his mistress. He returned much out of breath, and met us half way.

Next visit, Emilius refused to ride. Why? said I; we need but take a servant to manage our horses. Ah! said he, can we think of giving the respectable family so much trouble? You see, that they would cheerfully entertain all, men and horses. True, replied I; they have the noble hospitality of indigence. The rich, niggardly amidst their splendid extravagance, entertain only their friends; but the poor find room for their friends' horses, too. Let us walk, said he; have not you courage to walk, you who so cheerfully share all the fatiguing amusements of your child? Most willingly, replied I; so it should

should seem, that love is not to be made with a great bustle.

When we approached our friends' dwelling, we met with the mother and the daughter at still greater distance than on the former day. We had travelled very quick. Emilius was wet with sweat, and after this, the best horses in the world would not have tempted us to ride.

We find it unpleasant, however, that we can never spend the evening with our friends. As summer advances, the days begin to become shorter. Whatever we may say, we are never permitted to stay till it is late; and unless we arrive there early in the morning, we are obliged to return almost as soon as we are there. By our complaints, and expressions of anxiety, we have at length prevailed so far, that although the mother does not think, that she can with propriety entertain us in her own house, yet she has suggested, that we perhaps may find lodging in the village where we may sometimes pass the night. At hearing these words, Emilius struck his hands forcibly together, and leaped for joy; and Sophia, without thinking of it, kissed her mother somewhat oftener than usual on the day on which she found out this expedient.

By

By degrees, the kindness of friendship, and the familiarity of innocence are established and confirmed among us all. On the days fixed by Sophia or her mother, I usually come with my friend; sometimes I leave him to go by himself. This confidence in him eases his heart, when he sees that he is no longer entreated as a child. And what have I been doing hitherto, if my pupil does not yet merit my confidence? Sometimes too, I go without him. He is then sad, but does not murmur; what purpose would his murmurs serve? Besides, he well knows that my going is not to hurt his interests. But, whether we go together or separately, nothing ever detains us upon the road, as we are always desirous to arrive in a condition in which we may interest the sympathy of the family. Unluckily Sophia has forbidden us to do ourselves this honour, and has prohibited our paying our visits in bad weather. This is the only instance in which I have found her rebel against the rules which I have secretly dictated to her.

From these arrangements it appears that my young man is far from passing his life with Sophia, or seeing her so often as he would wish. One journey or two in the week, is the utmost he is permitted to take. His visits are commonly confined to half

half a day, and rarely continued over night. He spends much more of his time in hoping to see her or in rejoicing that he has seen her, than in actually seeing her. Even of the time appropriated to his visits, he passes less with her, than in going to, and coming from her. His pleasures are genuine, pure, delicious, but being rather imaginary than real, they inflame his love, without enfeebling his heart.

On the days on which he sees her not, he is not idle and sedentary. He, for the most part, traverses the neighbouring country, pursuing his researches in natural history, observing and examining the different grounds, their productions and culture. Sometimes he directs his rambles towards the happy spot; but goes so near as that he may obtain by accident, what he wishes to owe only to Sophia. He wanders with pleasure, however, through the vicinity, tracing those spots which his mistress has visited; and recollects with tenderness the trouble she has been at, and the walks she has taken on his account. On the evening before a visiting day, he will go to some neighbouring farm, to order a collation for the next day. Our walk is insensibly turned that way; we enter, as if by chance, and find cakes, fruits, and cream. *Sophia is not insensible to attentions of this nature, and willingly does*
honour

honour to our provision; for the compliments of thanks are always directed in part to me, although I had no concern in preparing the collation. This is a piece of finesse in the lady, which she practises, that she may be the less embarrassed in making her acknowledgments. The father and I eat the cakes and drink wine. Emilius is of the party of the ladies, and ever on the watch to steal a plate of cream of which Sophia has taken part.

The cakes bring it into my mind to speak to Emilius of the races to which I used formerly to entice him by offering cakes as reward to the victor. I explain the matter to the company; and they all laugh: he is asked if he can still run? Better than ever, says he; I should be ashamed to forget my running. One in the company had a great desire to see him run, but did not chuse to mention it to him; another undertook to do this. He readily agreed. Two or three young men were found in the neighbourhood. A purse was proposed; and in imitation of the games of antiquity, it was placed at the starting post. The young men stood all ready; Sophia's father gave the signal by clapping his hands. Emilius sprung away with amazing agility, and is at the other end of the course before the three lubbarly clowns are well set out. Emilius receives
the

the prize from the hands of Sophia, and with the generosity of Eneas, makes presents to all the vanquished.

In the exultation of his triumph, Sophia presumed to challenge the conqueror, and boasted that she could run as well as he. He refused not to enter the lists with her; and while she was preparing for the race by tucking up her gown on both sides, and, as she was more desirous of shewing Emilius an handsome leg, than of outrunning him, by looking whether her petticoats were short enough; he whispered something in the mother's ear, at which the old lady smiled, and signified her approbation. He then returned to place himself beside his competitor, and no sooner was the signal given than she sprang away with the velocity of a bird.

Women are not formed for running; when they flee, they flee, only that they may be overcome. Running is not the only thing they do unskilfully; but it is the only thing they do ungracefully. They appear somehow like grass-hoppers who run when they should leap.

Emilius not expecting Sophia to run better than any other woman, deigns not to leave his place, but

fees Sophia set out, with a laugh of mockery. But, Sophia is light and bears her heels low; she needs use no art to make her feet appear small; she outstrips him with such rapidity that he has not the necessary time to overtake this new Atalanta. Seeing her so far before him, he in his turn, sets off, like an eagle, eager to chase down his prey. He at last comes up with her when she is out of breath, then seizing her gently in his arm, lifts her up like a feather, and pressing the lovely burthen to his heart, proceeds to the end of the course, and making her touch the post first, cries *Victory to Sophia*, kneeling at the same time before her and acknowledging himself conquered.

With these different occupations we still continue to practise the trade of a joiner which made a part of Emilius's education. At least once a week, and whenever else the weather does not admit of our going out of the fields, Emilius and I go to work at our trade with a master. We work, not for form's sake, as people above our trade, but with serious labour, and as becomes good work-men. Sophia's father coming to see us, found us once at work, and did not fail to tell his wife and daughter, what he had seen, with a degree of admiration. Come, said he, and see the young man at work,
and

and then judge whether he despises the condition of the poor. You may well imagine that Sophia heard this language with surprise. They spoke of the circumstance again, and determined to surprise him at work. They questioned me, seemingly as if they knew nothing of the matter, and after learning certainly one of our working days, the mother and daughter took a carriage, and came, on that day to our town.

Sophia, when she entered the shop, perceived at the other end, a young man at work in his vest, with his hair carelessly tied behind, and so busy about what he was doing, that he did not perceive her. She stopped, and made a sign to her mother. Emilius, with a chissel in one hand, and a mallet in the other, was finishing a mortise; he next sawed a board, and took up a piece of it, to plane. This sight was too respectable to make Sophia laugh; it affected her with far different emotions.

While they were attentively observing him, I perceived them, and pulled Emilius by the sleeve. He turned, saw them, threw down his tools, and ran to meet them with a cry of joy. After giving vent to his first transports, he made them sit down, and returned to his work. But Sophia could not sit

still, she rose with sprightly activity, ran through the shop, examined the tools, touched the polished parts of the planks, gathered up the shavings, looked at our hands, and then said that she loved this trade for its neatness. Then she would imitate Emilius. With her white and tender hand she attempted to move a plane; it glided along the board, but did not shave the wood. Methought I saw Love laugh and clap his wings in the air; methought I heard him utter exclamations of joy, and cry, *Hercules is avenged.*

The mother, in the mean time, questioned our master. Sir, how do you pay these lads? Madam, I give each of them twenty Sols a-day, and his food. If the young man chose he might earn much more, for he is the best workman in the country. Twenty Sols a-day, and then food, said the mother, looking at us tenderly. It is so, madam, replied the master. At hearing these words, she ran up to Emilius, embraced him, pressed him to her bosom, and wept over him, only repeating several times; my son! O my son!

After conversing some time with us, without carrying us from our work; come, said she to her daughter, it grows late; we must not make them wait

wait for us; then going up to Emilius, she gave him a slight tap on the cheek, and said; well! you good workman, will you go with us? He replied in a sorrowful tone, I am engaged; ask my master to allow me. The master was asked to permit us to go with them. He answered, that he could not. I am busy, said he, upon work which must be finished to-morrow. Depending upon these gentlemen, I refused other workmen who offered themselves. And now, if they fail me, I know not where I shall find others, and shall, of consequence, fail me in having my work ready at the promised day. The mother made no reply, expecting Emilius to speak. Emilius hung his head, and remained silent. Sir, said she, somewhat surprised at his silence, have you nothing to say to this? Emilius only looked tenderly on the daughter, and said; you see, that I must stay. The two ladies then retired, and left us. Emilius attended them to the door, followed them as far as he could with his eyes, and then returning, proceeded with his work, without speaking.

By the way, the mother feeling herself somewhat piqued, could not help mentioning to her daughter, the caprice of such conduct. What! said she, might not he have contented his master, without being obliged to stay still? Could not a young

man so lavish of his money upon occasions of less necessity, have spared some to silence the man's objections?—O mamma! replied Sophia, God forbid, that Emilius should set such a value upon money, as to suppose that it may be honourably used in order to the violation of a personal engagement, to excuse his breaking his word, and to make another do the same. I know that he might easily compensate the workman for the slight prejudice he would suffer by his absence; but in doing so, he would subject his soul to the dominion of riches, and would accustom himself to put them in the place of his duty, and to think that he might be dispensed from every thing, provided that he could pay for the dispensation. Emilius has a different turn of thinking; and I hope, that I shall never be the cause of his changing his sentiments upon this head. Think you, it cost him no pain to stay behind us? Be not deceived, mamma; it is for me that he stays; I read it in his eyes.

Not that Sophia is ready to dispense with the just attentions of love. She is, on the contrary, rigorous and imperious. She would rather not be loved at all, than be moderately loved. She has the noble pride of merit which knows its own worth, and desires to receive from others that respect which

it

it pays to itself. She would despise a heart incapable of estimating the value of her's, insensible to her virtues, and loving her only for her personal charms. Jealous to excess of her rights, she watches the scrupulous attention with which Emilius respects them, the zeal with which he obeys her pleasure, the address with which he anticipates her wishes, his vigilance in arriving at the moment prescribed; she desires neither to hasten, nor to retard him, but only to see him punctual. To anticipate his hour would be preferring himself to her; to be behind it, would be a neglect of her. Neglect Sophia! This could not happen twice. An unjust suspicion that he had once neglected her, had nearly ruined all. But, Sophia is just; and can make amends when she has done wrong.

One evening, we were expected. Emilius had received an order; they came out to meet us; but we did not appear. What can have become of them? Has any misfortune befallen them? No messenger from them? The evening passed on, and still we were expected. Sophia, poor girl, thought us dead. She passed the night in weeping. A messenger had been sent off to bring news of us. He returned in the morning, with another from us, to make our excuses, and inform the family, that we were well.

Soon

Soon after, we appeared ourselves. The scene then changed. Sophia wiped away her tears; and if any still continued to flow, they were tears of rage. Her haughty spirit was not the easier for being satisfied as to our welfare. Emilius was alive and in health; and made the family expect him in vain.

When we arrived, she would have retired to her chamber; but being requested to stay, she stayed. Immediately resolved how to act, however, she affected a tranquillity and satisfaction which might have imposed upon others. The father came forward to us, and said; you have kept your friends in pain; here are some who will make a difficulty of forgiving you. What, papa? said Sophia, with a sort of smile, the most gracious she could effect. What matters it to you, replied the father, since it is not yourself? Sophia made no reply, but looked down upon the work in her hands. The mother received us with an air of cool composure. Emilius, in his embarrassment, could not speak to Sophia. She first asked how he was, invited him to sit down, and counterfeited so skilfully, that the poor young man being a stranger to the language of the violent passions, was duped by her indifference, and nearly on the point of being piqued himself.

To

To undeceive him, I went up, took Sophia's hand, and was about to press it to my lips as I sometimes do; when she drew it abruptly back, saying, Sir, in so particular a manner, that Emilius instantly perceived how we stood with her.

Sophia herself seeing that she was thus betrayed, laid herself under less constraint. Her apparent indifference changed into ironical contempt. She answered any thing said to her, in monosyllables uttered in a slow, hesitating voice, as if afraid of assuming too much of the tone of indignation. Emilius, half-dead of fear, viewed her with uneasiness, and tried to make her turn her eyes upon his, that he might the better read her real sentiments. Sophia, still more offended by his presumption, cast one glance upon him which left him no wish for such another. Emilius, now confounded, and trembling, very happily for himself, durst no longer either speak to or look at, her. For, even although not guilty, if he had borne her present resentment, unaffected, she could never have pardoned him.

Seeing that it was now my turn, and that it was time to come to an explanation, I went again to Sophia. I again took her hand which she did not now draw back; for she was by this time, within a little

little of being very ill. I said softly to her; Dear Sophia, we have been unfortunate, but you are just, and will not condemn us unheard. She made no reply; and I continued to speak, as follows:

“ We came away yesterday at four o’clock. Seven was the hour at which we should have been here: and we always allow ourselves more than enough of time, that we may rest when we come near the house. We had walked three-fourths of our way, when we heard loud and sorrowful cries, from the turn of a hill at some distance from us. We ran towards the spot from which those cries seemed to proceed. We found there a poor peasant, who returning somewhat drunk and on horse-back from the town, had unhappily fallen and fractured his leg. We cried aloud for assistance. Nobody, however, answered. We then endeavoured ourselves to raise the poor man upon his horse. In this we were unsuccessful: for the least motion gave the unhappy sufferer excessive pain. We then resolved to bind the horse in the adjoining wood; and taking up the peasant in our arms, carried him, as gently as we possibly could, towards his own house to which he directed us. It was a long way; and we had to rest several times. We were greatly fatigued by the time we reached it. To our grief and surprise,

surprise, we found it to be a house that we already knew, and found him whom we had thus assisted, to be the same poor peasant who had given us so kind a reception on the day of our first arrival in this neighbourhood. In the confusion in which we all were, we had not recollected one another, till this moment.

He had only two small children; but his wife was big with a third. At sight of her husband in such a condition, she was so affected, that her pains came immediately upon her, and she was delivered within a few hours after. In such circumstances, what was to be done in a solitary cottage where no assistance could be expected? Emilius resolved to go for the horse which he had left in the wood, and to gallop upon him to the next village for a surgeon. He gave the horse to the surgeon, and after dispatching an express to you, returned himself with a servant on foot. Embarrassed, as you may well suppose, between a man with a broken leg, and a woman in labour, I was, in the mean time busy in the house, doing all that I could for the assistance of both.

I shall not trouble you with a farther detail of particulars. This is not what I have in view. It was after midnight two hours, before either of us obtained

ed the least respite. At last, we returned before day, to our apartment in this neighbourhood, where we waited till you should be up, in order to give you an account of the accident !”

Here I was silent. But, before any other person could speak. Emilius, going up to his mistress, said with more firmness than I should have expected; Sophia, you are the mistress of my fate; you know it well. You may make me die of sorrow; but hope not to make me forget the rights of humanity. These are more sacred to me than yours. I will never renounce them for you.

Sophia, at these words, instead of answering, rose up, put her arm round his neck, and kissed his cheek. Then, with inimitable grace, holding out her hand to him; Emilius, said she, take this hand; it is thine. Be, whenever thou pleasest, my husband and my master. I will do my best to merit the honour.

Hardly had she embraced him, when her father enchanted, clapped his hands, and cried, *again*; and Sophia, without farther pressing, immediately gave him two kisses upon the other cheek. But, almost that very moment, affrighted at what she had

had done, she threw herself into her mother's arms, and hid her blushing face in her bosom.

I will not attempt to describe our common joy. Every reader must feel it. After dinner, Sophia asked if it would be too far to go to see the poor sick peasant. It was the desire of Sophia, and an act of humanity. We went. The husband and wife were in separate beds; for Emilius had caused a bed to be brought. Persons whom Emilius had likewise provided, were about them, taking care of them. Both however were still so ill, that they suffered more from the uncomfortableness of their situation than from their respective ailments. Sophia first made the good woman's bed with her own hands; and then did as much for the man's. Her soft, light hand, removed every thing that gave either of them uneasiness, and laid them in the easiest posture. Her very approach seemed to give relief. One would have said that she had a previous knowledge of whatever was uneasy to them. That young woman, otherwise so delicate, was now wife disgusted by any want of cleanness, or any ill smells about them; but removed both the one and the other without asking any person's assistance, or giving any pain to the sick. She who is always so modest, so distant, and would not for all the world

touch the foot of a man's bed with her finger, turns the wounded peasant, and changes every thing about him without scruple, placing him in the most commodious posture in which he may remain the longest without occasion to change. The zeal of charity is much preferable to modesty. What she does, she does so lightly and with so much dexterity, that he feels himself relieved without knowing how. The wife and the husband join to bless the lovely young woman who serves, pities, and consoles them. She seems an angel sent from heaven to their aid; she has the lovely form, the grace, the sweetness, and the goodness of an angel. Emilius, affected by the scene, views it in silence. Man, love thy partner; she is given thee by God, to soothe thy sorrows, and cheer thee amidst thy distresses; such is woman.

The new-born infant was to be baptized. The two lovers offered themselves for god-father and god-mother, with hearts secretly impatient for the time when they should have occasion for others to do as much for them. They burn for the arrival of the happy moment: they think it near; Sophia's scruples are all removed; but mine are to come next. They are not even where they suppose them. Each must have his turn.

One

One morning when they had not seen each other for two days, I entered Emilius's chamber with a letter in my hand, and looking on him with a grave aspect, said, what would you do, if news should come, that Sophia is dead? He uttered a loud cry, sprung up, struck his hands against each other, and without saying a word, looked at me, with a degree of wildness in his eye. Answer me, then, continued I, with the same calmness with which I had spoken at the first. Then, provoked at my coolness, he came close up to me, his eyes inflamed with rage, and almost in a threatening attitude, said; what would I do!—I know not; but, I know that I could never again in my life endure to see him who should bring me the news. Make yourself easy, returned I, smiling; she lives, is well, thinks of you, and we are expected there this evening. But, let us go, walk, and have some conversation.

The passion which now fills his mind no longer leaves him at liberty to listen, as before, to discourses of pure reasoning. I must engage him by means of his passion to attend my lessons. This was my reason for having recourse to the above terrible preamble. I am now pretty certain, that he will listen to me.

To be happy, dear Emilius, is the end of every sensible being. It is the first desire impressed by nature, and the only desire that never leaves us. But, where is happiness? Who knows it? Every one seeks, but none finds it. Life is spent in the pursuit; and death arrives, while it is still only in view. My young friend, when I took you in my arms at your birth, and calling God to witness the engagement I contracted, devoted my own life to the happiness of yours, knew I myself, what an engagement I was taking upon me? No, I only knew, that in making the useful enquiry after happiness for you, I could not fail of finding it at the same time for myself.

Be my witness, be my judge; I shall never refuse your authority. From your earliest years, you have enjoyed all the good gifts of nature—Of the evils which she subjected, and from which I could not relieve you, you have suffered only such as were formed to harden you for the endurance of others. None that you have undergone, but has served to save you from some other more severe. You have known neither hatred nor servitude. Free and content, you remain just and good; for pain and vice are inseparable; man never becomes wicked till he is miserable. May the remembrance of your
infancy

infancy remain with you to old age. I have no fear that your worthy heart will ever recollect it, without blessing him who directed your first steps in life.

When you advanced to the age of reason, I was studious to guard you from the influence of human opinion; when your heart learned to feel, I continued to guard you from the power of the passions. If I could prolong this internal calm to the end of your life; then would I put the finishing hand to my workmanship, and you should be happy, as far as man can be so. But, dear Emilius, I might dip thy soul in Styx, yet could not render it all invulnerable. A new enemy arises, whom you have not learned to conquer, and from whom I cannot save you; this enemy is yourself. Learning to desire, you have made yourself the slave of your desires. Although nothing in you should change, though nothing should offend you, though nothing should affect your existence, yet how many sorrows may assail your soul. How many evils may you suffer, without being sick! How many deaths may you not undergo, without actually dying! A lie, a mistake, a doubt may reduce you to despair.

All things on earth are transient. Whatever we love, we must sooner or later lose, and yet we attach ourselves to it as if it were to be ours for ever. How great was your alarm at the bare idea of Sophia's death! Did you suppose that she was to live for ever? Does nobody die at her age? She must die, my dear child, and perhaps before you; who knows whether she be alive at this moment? Nature had made you liable only to one death. You have subjected yourself to a second. Thus must you now die twice. If you cannot endure an involuntary absence; how will you ever be able to absent yourself from her, voluntarily? How will you sacrifice inclination to duty? repress the emotions of your heart, and listen to the voice of reason? You who could not bear to see him again who should bring you the news of your mistress's death, how will you endure him who seeks to withdraw you from her, while she is yet alive? If you must live with her, happen what will, whether she be married or not, whether you be free or not, whether she love or hate you, whether they give you her, or refuse her,—no matter, it is your own opinion; you must possess her at however dear a price. Tell me, then, what crime will he scruple at, who knows no law but the wishes of his heart, and can withhold himself from nothing that he desires.

This

This is your first passion. It is perhaps, the only one worthy of you; and if you can govern it like a man, it may be your last. You shall then subdue all others, and be subject only to virtue.

This passion, I well know, is not criminal. It is pure as the souls by whom it is mutually felt. It has been formed by honesty, and cherished by innocence. Happy lovers! With you the charms of virtue only improve those of love, and the soft bond which awaits you, is the reward no less of your virtue, than of your attachment. But, tell me, thou child of sincerity, art thou less the slave of this passion for its purity? If, to-morrow, it should cease to be innocent, could you subdue it, to-morrow. Now is the time to try your strength; it will be too late, when you are called to exert it. A trial so hazardous should be made at a distance from danger. It is not in presence of the enemy, that the foldier must learn his exercise. He must have been inured to discipline, before he marched out to the war.

Emilius listened with anxious attention, fearing that this preamble was to lead to some disagreeable conclusion. He foresaw, that, when I shewed him the necessity of exercising the strength of his mind,

I had

I had a design of engaging him in that hardy exercise; and as a wounded man trembles at sight of the surgeon, he already felt upon the fore, the severe but friendly hand which was to purify, and to heal it.

Uncertain, troubled, and anxious to know what was my purpose, he instead of answering, questioned me, but fearfully. What must I do? said he, tremulously, and without daring to raise his eyes. What must you do! returned I, in a firm tone of voice! you must quit Sophia. What say you, cried he, in a rage? Quit Sophia! quit her, deceive her, become a traitor, a villain, perjured!—What! returned I, interrupting him, and can Emilius suppose, that I would teach him to merit such names? No, continued he, with impetuosity, neither you, nor any other shall; I will preserve your work, in spite of yourself; I will never merit such names.

This first fall was no more than I had expected. I calmly suffered it to pass over. I might well preach moderation to him, if I possessed not that moderation myself! Emilius knows me too well to think me capable of requiring from him any thing that is bad, and he well knows, that it would be wrong to quit Sophia, in the sense which he now gives

gives to the word. He therefore expects me to explain myself. I then resume my discourse.

Emilius, time, although you need not its lapse, runs on, in the delirium of your passion; Summer is ended; Winter is coming in. Although we might continue our journies in the stormy season, the family would not permit us. We must therefore, however unwillingly, change our way of life. It cannot last, such as it is at present. I read in your ardent eyes, that this difficulty disturbs you not. Sophia's consent, and your own desires suggest an easy expedient for avoiding the snow, and having no more journies to make, to see her. Such an expedient doubtless is convenient. But spring returns; the snow melts, marriage endures; you must think of an expedient that will answer for all seasons.

You would marry Sophia, yet have not been more than five months acquainted with her! You would marry her, not because she is suitable for you, but because she pleases you, as if love never erred in matters of this kind, and as if those who begin with loving, never ended with hating each other. She is virtuous, I know; but, is this enough? Is it enough to make people happy together, that they are honest?

nest? It is not her virtue, but her character I doubt. Does a woman's character always discover itself in a day's time? Know you, in how many situations you should first see her, before you can thoroughly know her temper? Can four months attachment satisfy you as to the whole of life? Perhaps, two months absence might make you forget her; perhaps another waits till you are absent, in order to efface you from her heart; at your return you may perhaps find her as indifferent as you have now found her susceptible. Sentiments depend not upon principles. She may remain very honest, and yet cease to love you. I incline to believe, that she will be constant and faithful. But who shall answer for her, unless you put her to the trial? Will you put off this trial till it can no more be useful to you? Will you avoid knowing one another, till you can part no more?

Sophia is not yet eighteen years of age; you are little more than two and twenty. This is the age of love, but not of marriage. What a father and a mother of a family would so young a couple make? Can you know how to bring up children before you have ceased to be children yourselves? Do you know how many young women had their constitution broken, their health ruined, their life shortened, by
being

being prematurely subjected to the fatigues of childbirth. Do you know, how many children have remained through life weak and languishing, for want of being nourished, at first, in a full-formed body? Either I know little of Emilius, or he would rather have his wife and children healthy, than gratify his own impatience at the expence of their health and life.

To speak of yourself. When you aspire to the condition of a husband and father, have you fully considered the duties of these characters? When you become the head of a family, you will then become a member of the state: and, know you what it is to be a member of the state? Know you what is meant by government, law, and country? Know you at what price life is granted you, and for whom you must die? You suppose that you have learned every thing, whereas you yet know nothing.

Emilius, you must quit, I do not say, abandon Sophia. Were you capable of the latter, it would be fortunate indeed for her, that she is not yet your wife: You must leave her, that you may return more worthy of her. Be not vain enough to think, that you have already merited her. O how much yet remains for you to do! Come, fulfil this noble task;
come,

come, learn to endure absence; come, gain the recompence of fidelity, that, at your return, you may have something to value yourself upon, and may ask her hand, not as a favour, but as a reward.

The young man did not immediately yield, but resisted, and disputed the point. Would it not be slighting the hand that was offered him if he should delay to accept it? Why leave her in order to learn what he should do? And, if this was even necessary, why should he not first be engaged to her by indissoluble ties which might be a certain pledge of his return. Let him first be her husband; and then he would cheerfully follow me. Let them be united, and then he would leave her without fear. —Unite to part, dear Emilius, what contradiction! A lover may live without his mistress; but a husband must never, without necessity, leave his wife. To cure you of your scruples, I see that your delays must be involuntary; you say to Sophia that you are forced, in spite of yourself, to leave her. Be content, then; since you will not obey reason, you must acknowledge another master. You have not forgotten your engagement with me. Emilius, you must quit Sophia; it is my pleasure.

At

At hearing this word, he hung his head, and after musing, for a moment, in silence, asked, when do we set out? Within eight days, said I, and you must prepare Sophia for this parting. Women are weak, and must be tenderly dealt with. Absence is not in the present case a duty to her, as to you; and she may therefore be allowed to bear it with less fortitude.

The haughty Sophia strove to bear with dignity this unexpected stroke, and endeavoured to seem insensible. But, having, like Emilius, the honour of the combat, and of victory, her firmness did not so well support her. She wept, and sighed deep, in spite of herself; the fear of being forgotten, gave additional poignancy to the pangs of parting. It was not before her lover she wept, nor did she discover her fears to him; she would die in silence, sooner than suffer a sigh to escape from her in his presence. It was I who heard her complaints, and witnessed her tears; me, she affected to make her confident. Women have address, and know how to disguise their feelings. The more she secretly murmurs at my tyranny; so much the more attentive is she to flatter me; she is sensible, that her fate is in my hands.

VOL. II.

S

I comfort,

I comfort, I encourage her, and answer for the fidelity of her lover, or rather of her husband. Let her only be as faithful to him, as he must be to her, and within two years, I swear, that he shall be her's, I vouch for each to the other. Their hearts, their virtues, my probity, the confidence of their parents, all concur to encourage and satisfy them. Yet, reason cannot support the weakness of nature. They part, as if they were never to meet again.

Sophia now recollects the sorrows of Eucharis, and thinks herself really in that young nymph's condition. But, we must not leave her to muse, in our absence, on those fanciful loves. Sophia, said I, to her, one day, you must exchange books with Emilius. Give him your Telemachus, that he may learn to resemble the young hero, and let him leave you the Spectator, which you are fond of reading. Study there the duties of respectable women, and reflect that within two years, those duties are to become yours. This exchange pleases both, and adds to their mutual confidence. At last the mournful day arrives, and they must part.

Sophia's worthy father, with whom I had previously concerted every thing, embraced me, as I bade him farewell; then taking me aside, spoke these words

words in a grave tone and accent: I have done every thing to accommodate you; I knew, that I had to deal with a man of honour; I have only one word more, to say. Remember that your pupil has sealed his marriage contract on my daughter's lips!

What a difference in the countenance of the two lovers. Emilius, impetuous, ardent, agitated, transported out of himself, cries and weeps over the hands of the father, the mother, and the daughter, embraces all the people in the house, sobbing, and repeats the same things a thousand times over, with a degree of emotion, which at any other time, would appear truly ludicrous. Sophia, pale, and fullen, with a languid, a heavy aspect, remains quiet, says nothing, weeps not, sees nobody, not even Emilius. He takes her hands, and presses her in his arms; still she remains motionless, insensible to his tears, and his caresses; to her he is already gone. How much more affecting is this sight, than the boisterous distress of her lover. He sees it, feels it; with difficulty do I tear him away; should I leave him but one moment longer, he would refuse to accompany me. I am delighted that he carries with him this mournful image of her distress. If he is ever tempted to forget what he owes to Sophia; he must be greatly changed indeed, if I shall not easily bring

him back, by reminding him of her, such as he saw her at the moment of their parting.

The idea of making Emilius fall in love, before carrying him to travel, is not my own invention. It was suggested to me by the following incident.

At Venice I happened to pay a visit to the Governor of a young Englishman. It was in winter, and we were seated round the fire. The Governor received his letters from the post, read them, and then read one of them aloud to his pupil. It was in English; so that I did not understand it. But while he was reading, I observed the young man tear off very fine laced ruffles which he wore, and cast them one after the other, into the fire, as softly as possible, to avoid being perceived. Surprised at such conduct, I looked him in the face, and thought that he seemed to be moved. But the exterior expressions of the passions, although similar enough among all men, are however marked by national differences which may easily lead into mistakes. People have different languages in their faces as well as on their tongues. I waited till the letter was read, and then pointing out to the governor the naked wrists of his pupil, which however he concealed

ceased as well as he could, I asked what all this meant?

The Governor, when he saw what had passed, began to laugh, embraced his pupil with an air of high satisfaction, and after obtaining his consent, favoured me with the explanation which I desired.

The ruffles which Lord John has just torn, said he, are a present which he not long since received from a lady in this city. But you must know that Lord John is engaged to marry a young lady in his own country, with whom he is very much in love, and who merits all his affection. This letter is from his mistress's mother; and I shall translate to you the passage which was the occasion of what you noticed.

"Lucy is constantly busy upon Lord John's ruffles. Miss Betty Roldham came to spend yesterday afternoon with us, and would insist upon helping her. Knowing that Lucy had risen unusually soon, this morning, I went to see what she was doing, and found her busy unstitching all that Miss Betty had done yesterday. She will have nothing in her present, done by another hand than her own."

Lord John went out, soon after to put on other ruffles. I then observed to the governor, your pupil is a young man of excellent dispositions; but tell me the truth. Is not this letter from Miss Lucy's mother, a matter concerted. Is it not an expedient of yours against the lady who presented the ruffles? No, indeed, said he; it is really so; I have not acted so artfully; I have constantly conducted myself with simplicity and zeal, and God has blessed my labours.

After spending two years in travelling through several of the great states of Europe, and a number of the smaller; after learning two or three of the principal modern languages; after seeing whatever was truly curious, whether in natural history, in government, in the arts, or in human manners; it is time to carry Lord John back to Miss Lucy, that is, Emilius to Sophia.

Why might I not relate the circumstances of his return, and the completion of their loves, or rather the beginning of the conjugal love in which they are united? Love founded upon esteem which lasts as long as life, upon virtues which fade not with beauty, upon correspondence of character which sweetens the intercourse of conjugal affection, and
prolongs

prolongs to old age, the charms of the first union. I now see the fairest of Emilius' days, and the happiest of my own, spring. I see my labours crowned, and begin to taste the fruits. The worthy couple are united in an indissoluble bond; their mouths utter, and their hearts confirm vows which shall not prove vain; they are now husband and wife. Returning from the church they leave us to lead them; they know not where they are, nor whither they are going, or what is doing around them. They hear not; they answer only in confused words; there is in their eyes a mixture of wildness and languor, and they see nothing. O delirium! O weakness of the human heart! The sense of his happiness is too much for man to bear.

Few people know how to behave suitably to a young couple on their marriage-day. The dull gravity of some, and the light conversation of others are to me alike displeasing. I had rather see those young hearts left to themselves to wander in an agitation which is not unpleasing, than divert them so cruelly from the thoughts of their situation, only to teize them by an ungracious politeness, or torment them by ill-timed pleasantries, which however entertaining upon any other occasion, cannot but be disagreeable upon such a day.

I observe

I observe my young couple to be in a soft languor, which renders them incapable of listening to any discourse that is addressed to them. I, who wish them to enjoy all the days of their lives, should I suffer them to lose one so precious? No; I wish them to taste, to enjoy its pleasures. I withdraw them from the impertinent crowd, whose attentions are disagreeable to them, and carrying them to walk apart with me, recall them to themselves, by speaking to them of themselves. It is not merely to their ears I wish to speak, but to their hearts; and I well know what is the only subject upon which their thoughts can this day be occupied.

My children, say I to them, taking each of them by the hand, three years have now passed, since I saw that pure and lively flame which constitutes your present happiness, first kindled in your hearts. It has every day increased. In your eyes I read its ardour. Henceforward it can only become weaker. Reader, dost not thou see the transport, the wild passion, the vows of Emilius, the disdainful air with which Sophia disengages her hand from mine, and the tender protestations their eyes mutually make each other, that they will adore one another to their last sigh? This I suffer them to do, and then renew my discourse.

I have

I have often thought, that if the happiness of love could be prolonged in the married state, it would produce an heaven upon earth. But, this has never yet been seen. If, however, it be not absolutely impossible, you are both worthy of setting an example which none have set to you, and which few married pairs are capable of imitating. Shall I, my children, tell you what I take to be the only secret for this.

They look on each other, smiling, and deriding my simplicity. Emilius thanks me for my receipt, saying, that he believes she has a better, and that her's is sufficient for him. Sophia approves of what he has said, and seems equally confident. However, through the air of raillery which she assumes, I fancy, that I can discern some degree of curiosity. I view Emilius. His eyes gaze eagerly upon the charms of his lovely wife. These are the only objects of his curiosity; and all that I say gives him no concern. I smile in my turn, saying within my self, I shall soon make thee attentive.

The difference of their secret emotions which is almost imperceptible, marks a very characteristic difference between the two sexes; and contrary to received ideas, the men are commonly less constant than

than the women, and sooner fatiated of successful love. The woman foresees the man's inconstancy; and the anxiety which this gives her, heightens her jealousy. When he begins to become indifferent, she finding herself obliged to practise, in order to keep him, all those kind attentions which he formerly employed to please her; she weeps, and humbles herself in her turn, but seldom with the same success. Attachment and attentions win hearts, but seldom recover them after they are lost. I return to my receipt against the decay of love in the married state.

It is simple and easy, resume I; to continue lovers, after you are husband and wife. In truth, said Emilius, laughing within himself, we shall not find it difficult.

More difficult to you, Sir, than you perhaps suppose. Allow me, I beg you, time to explain myself. By pulling a knot too hard, the cord is broken. This happens in the case of the marriage-engagement, when people seek to give it more than its just force. Constraint and love go ill together, nor can pleasure endure commands. Blush not, Sophia! nor think of retiring from us: God forbid, that I should offend your modesty. But, it is the happiness

happiness of your life that is in question. For an object of such importance, you may hear from a husband and a father, language which you would not otherwise listen to.

If it is true then, dear Emilius, that you wish to continue the lover of your wife, and to see her still your mistress and her own; be a happy, but respectful lover; solicit every favour from love, without exacting any thing from duty; and let the very slightest favours never be with you, acts of right, but of grace. I know that modesty avoids formal avowals, and desires to be overcome; but, can the lover who has the delicacy of true love, mistake as to the secret wishes of his mistress? Can he not distinguish when the heart and eyes grant what the mouth seems to refuse? Let each of the two be still master of his or her person, and have a right to dispense or withhold them at his own pleasure. Remember always, that even in the married state, pleasure is unlawful, unless desire be mutual. Fear not, my children, that this law should divide you from one another. It will, on the contrary, render you both more attentive to please, and will prevent satiety. Confined exclusively to one another; love and nature will unite you still more intimately.

After

After I had made these proposals, with some others of a similar tendency, Emilius expressed a dissatisfaction, and reclaimed against them; Sophia, blushing, held her fan before her eyes, but said nothing. The least satisfied of the two was perhaps the one who appeared most so. I relentlessly insisted, and made Emilius blush for his want of delicacy. I pledged myself for Sophia, that she for her part would agree to the treaty. I urged her to speak; and it will not be supposed that she would venture to contradict me. Emilius, in his anxiety, consulted the eyes of his young wife. He saw them, through their confusion, swelling with a voluptuous wildness which encouraged him to yield to my proposal. He threw himself at her feet, kissed with transport the hand which she held out to him, and swore, that, except to the fidelity which she had promised, he renounced every other right over her. Be you, said he, my dear wife, the arbitress of my pleasures, as you are of my life and destiny. Although your cruelty should cost me my life, I yield up to you my dearest rights. I would owe nothing to your submission, but win all from your heart.

Good Emilius! make thyself easy; Sophia is too generous to suffer thee to fall a victim to thy generosity.

In

In the evening, when I was about to leave them, I said, in the gravest tone I could assume; Remember both that you are free, and not under the constraint of conjugal duties. Let me persuade you, to shew no false deference to each other. Emilius, will you come with me? You have Sophia's permission. Emilius was in a fury, and ready to strike me. And you, Sophia, what say you? shall I take him with me? The little rogue blushed, and bid me do so. *Charming falsehood: better than truth!*

Next day——The picture of happiness is no longer a pleasing spectacle to men. The corruption of vice has depraved their tastes no less than their hearts. They can no longer feel what is affecting, nor view what is amiable. You, who, to paint pleasure, think only of happy lovers swimming on the bosom of delight, your pictures are still imperfect! you have nothing but the grosser half, without the soft and more delicate features of pleasure! O! who of you has ever seen a young pair, united under the happiest auspices, rise from the nuptial couch, and expressing, at once, in their chaste and languishing looks, the intoxication of the soft pleasures which they have tasted, the amiable security of innocence, and the certainty, which is then so charming, that the rest of their days are to flow on

in the same train? This is the most ravishing object that can be offered to the contemplation of man; the genuine portrait of pleasure! You have seen it an hundred times without recognizing it; your hardened hearts are not formed to love it. Sophia happy and tranquil, passes the day in her tender mother's arms. Such rest is sweet, after a night passed in the arms of her husband.

On the third day, I perceived some changes to have already taken place. Emilius seemed somewhat dissatisfied. But, through his seeming dissatisfaction, I could discern so much fondness and submission even, that I considered every thing as in the fairest train. As for Sophia, she was gayer than on the preceding evening; I saw her satisfaction sparkle in her eyes. With Emilius, she is charming; and almost teizes him with little gallantries, at which he is only so much the more spited.

These changes are hardly observable; but escape not me. I am uneasy at what I observe, and talk with Emilius privately. I learn, that, to his great regret, and notwithstanding every thing that he could urge, he had been obliged to spend last night in a separate bed. The imperious bride had soon availed herself of her privileges. They had an explanation.

planation. Emilius complained bitterly. Sophia assumed an air of pleasantry. But, at last, seeing him ready to become angry in good earnest, cast on him a look of sweetness and love, and clasping my hand, only said, but that in a tone to affect the heart; *The ungrateful man!* Emilius was so dull as not to understand this, but I understood it. Causing Emilius, therefore, to retire, I addressed myself privately to Sophia in her turn.

I see, said I, the reason of this piece of caprice. It is impossible to have more delicacy, or to employ it more unseasonably. Dear Sophia, be easy; he is a man I have given you; fear not to take him as such; you have had the strength of his youth; it has not been squandered away in the arms of others; he will long retain it with you.

My dear child, I must explain to you, what were my views in our conversation on the day before yesterday. You possibly saw in it nothing but a contrivance to husband your pleasures, in order to render them permanent. O Sophia! I had another end in view, more worthy of my concern. Emilius, by becoming your husband, has become your lord; it is your duty to obey him, agreeably to the intention of nature. But such a woman as Sophia may

well be allowed to direct her husband. It is farther a law of nature, and it is to give you as much authority over his heart as his sex gives him over your person, that I have made you arbitress of his pleasures. It will cost you some painful self-denial: but you will reign over him, if you can reign over yourself; and what has already passed, shews me, that this, though difficult, is not above your fortitude. You will long reign by love; if you make your favours rare and precious; and thus give them value. Would you see your husband for ever at your feet? Keep him always at some distance from your person. But in your severity, be modest, not capricious; let him see you reserved, not fantastic; while you keep up his love, beware of giving him cause to doubt of yours. Make yourself beloved for your favours, and respected for your refusal of them; let him honour his wife's chastity, without having reason to complain of her coldness.

Thus, my child, will he give you his confidence, listen to your advice, consult you upon his affairs, and resolve upon nothing, without first deliberating concerning it with you. Thus may you recall him to wisdom, when he wanders from it, by your gentle persuasion, make yourself amiable, that you may
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make yourself useful, employ coquetry to serve the interests of virtue, and love for the benefit of reason.

Think not with all this, that this art will always avail you. Whatever precaution you may take, enjoyment still exhausts our pleasures, and love sooner than any other. But, when love has endured long, a pleasing habit supplies the want of it, and the charm of mutual confidence succeeds the transports of passion. Children form between those who have given them being, a bond of union not less tender, and often stronger than love itself. When you cease to be the mistress of Emilius, you will become his wife and his friend; you will be the mother of his children. Then instead of your former reserve, indulge in the greatest intimacy. No more separate beds; no more denials; no more caprice. Become so entirely his half, that it may no longer be possible for him to want you; and that whenever he leaves you, he may find, that he has left himself. You who make the charms of domestic life to reign so happily in your parents' house, make it reign equally in your own. Every man who delights in his own house loves his wife. Remember that, if your husband lives happily at home, you will be a happy wife.

As to the present case, be less severe to your lover; he deserves your complaisance; he would be offended at your alarm. Consult not his health at the expence of his happiness; and be happy, yourself. Neither strive to provoke disgust, nor repel desire. Refuse not for the pleasure of refusing, but to give the more value to what you grant."

Then bringing them again together, I said to the young husband, in her presence; you must bear the yoke which you have taken upon yourself. Deserve that it be rendered lighter. Above all, sacrifice to the graces, and hope not to make yourself amiable by being peevish. The peace was easily made. The treaty was signed with a kiss, and then I said to my pupil, dear Emilius, a man has all his life need of guidance and advice. Hitherto I have done my best to fulfill this duty to you. Now ends my task; and that of another begins. I resign the authority which you entrusted to me; there is now your governor.

Their first delirium becalmed, by degrees, and left them to the tranquil enjoyment of the pleasures of their new condition. Happy lovers! worthy married pair! To do honour to their virtues and to describe their felicity, it were necessary

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to give the history of their lives. How often, while I view them as my own work, do I feel my heart beat with ravishing delight! How often do I join their hands in mine, blessing providence, and fetching deep and warm sighs! How often do I kiss their two hands, thus locked in each other! How often do I water them with tears of joy! They are affected, in their turn, and share my transports. Their respectable parents find their own youth renewed in the mutual felicity of their children. They begin to live in them, or rather know now for the first time, the full value of life. They curse their former riches, which hindered them from enjoying at the same age, so charming a fortune. If there be happiness on earth, it is in the asylum in which we live, that it is to be sought.

After some months, Emilius came one morning into my bed-chamber, and, embracing me, said; My master, congratulate your pupil; he hopes to have soon the honour of being a father. O! what cares are about to be imposed on our zeal; what need shall we not have of you! God forbid, that I should give you the trouble of the son's education, after you have brought up his father! God forbid, that so sacred and delightful a duty should be devolved upon any other person than myself; even
though

though I had it in my power to make as good a choice for him; as has been made for me! But remain you to be the master of so young masters! Counsel, and direct us! we will be docile; while I live, I shall want you. Although entered upon the duties of a man, I have now more need of you than ever. You have fulfilled your duties. Teach me to imitate you; and take your ease; it is now time.

This beautiful Narrative is extracted from the Third Volume of ROUSSEAU'S EMILIUS.

A LESSON FOR ADVERSITY.

IT is an effort of a noble and generous spirit to vanquish misfortune and defy even death; but there is a kind of fortitude, which though less frequent, is I think no less praise worthy. I shall mention an instance of this courage, by relating what Watelet told me as he and I were walking together in the groves of Moulin Joli.

“The present age has not produced a man, who seemed to have conducted himself in such a way, as
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to bid fairer for a happy life than Watelet. A man of universal taste, an admirer of the fine arts, a patron and *Macenas* to artists and men of literature, yet not to that extent as to excite envy; he possessed that moderate superiority of talent, which solicits indulgence, and which without ostentation, amuses the leisure hours of unambitious privacy, or of a few acquaintances, he had prudence sufficient to check his thirst of applause within the bounds of the esteem of his few but partial friends, and coveted neither the fulsome adulation of flattery, nor dreaded the envenomed criticism of jealousy. Besides this, he had the advantages of possessing uncommon sweetness of manner, delicate sensibility of temper, attentive and engaging politeness.—With such endowments, who is he but must be happy; —This was the life of Watelet.

“ His pleasant retreat on the banks of the Seine was universally known. I sometimes visited him there. I one day met at his table with a new-married pair who seemed to be mutually enraptured with each other. The husband was in the prime of life, and the bride as yet under twenty years of age. Watelet appeared to take a particular interest in their happiness; and they looked up to him, as the source of all they enjoyed. As both of them spoke
good

good French, I was rather surprized to hear them say, that they had come to bid him adieu, as they were just setting out to live in Holland. After dinner they retired, and I had the curiosity to enquire who this happy and thankful pair were. Watelet conducted me to a delightful corner of his little island, where we both sat down. "Attend," said he, "and see honour saved by virtue from total shipwreck."

In a journey which I lately undertook to Holland, to see a country, where man is perpetually contending with the sea, and which commerce enriches in despite of nature, if I may say so, I was recommended to a rich Trader, one Odelman; a gentleman not more *close* in matters of trade, than liberal at his own table. I there found employed at his desk, and also an in-mate of his house, a young Frenchman whose interesting appearance and remarkable modesty of behaviour pleased me much. Oliver, was the name by which he was known in Holland.

It was in vain that Odelman, who was a man of very plain habits, behaved to him not only as a friend, but even an equal; the youth behaved with such respect, and at same time dignity, as always to keep his proper distance. His behaviour

was

was that of a dutiful son, anxiously attentive to his father's will and his own duty; so that his service was the service of love.

I behaved to him with some particular attention of which he was sensible, and which he returned by a certain dignity of deportment, attended with great humility and modesty of manner. In conversation he said little; but in what he said, he discovered the the man of education, by his language, and his whole manner. He addressed me after dinner in a very polite manner, tendering his services to me as a stranger. I did not take any improper advantage of his offer: only requesting his advice with regard to the expences which I incurred by my visit, and also as to some purchases I intended to make.

I enquired at him his reason for residing in Holland. He told me, it was *misfortune*; I remarked, that in every thing that respected himself, he wished to be as little particular as possible.

We passed all the time he could spare together; and in the mean time, with a complaisance that my curiosity sometimes fatigued, but never wore out, he informed me of every thing which was interesting

ing in Holland. He represented it as having no more than an artificial existence in its relations with all the nations of the universe, and the people continually occupied in supporting and defending its dykes and its liberties. Impressed with gratitude in favour of his new country, he spake of it with the expression of a sentiment to which his melancholy gave greater force, and which, though full of esteem for that country, was nevertheless mingled with the regret and recollection of his own. "Ah!" would he say, "if France did the fourth part as much to assist nature as Holland does to subdue it ———"—And from viewing the manners of the Dutch, their laws, their laborious and painful industry, he led me to admire the prodigies that necessity produces.

I began to conceive a singular affection for him, you may be certain. "This is an entertaining young man," said I to Odelman, "and I have much to say in his favour. It was doubtless you that desired him to shew me such attention."—"No," returned he; "but you are a Frenchman, and he idolises his country. I am very glad, however, to profit by its loss, for it has few more such to boast of. He is an assemblage of every estimable quality. Fidelity, intelligence, and indefatigable application, readiness
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in business, an extreme quickness and exactness of perception; a spirit of order which nothing can escape; and, above all, an œconomy—Ah! he is the man, indeed, that knows the value of money.”

“This last article of his commendation was not to my taste; and, in his excuse, I observed, that avarice, if allowable in any one, it must be the unfortunate.”——“He has not that Vice,” replied the Dutchman; “for he is not even covetous. Never, I am well assured, did he desire the wealth of another; he is only careful of his own. But in the management of it, he exhibits a parsimony, so ingenious and so refined, that the Dutch themselves are astonished at it”——“And yet there is nothing,” observed I, “about him, that betrays an interested disposition. He conversed with me about your wealth, and the wealth of Holland; but he talked of them without envy.”

“Did I not tell you he was not envious.—Far from it, he seems to want even that desire of gain which is the very soul of our commerce. I have often proposed to him to adventure some of the profits of his labour in my ships.—“No; he would say, “I have nothing to risk. What little I possess, I cannot do without.” And when he has sometimes

given way to my persuasion, and exposed small sums to the dangers of the sea, he has been in such agitation, till the safe return of the vessel, that he has lost his nightly rest. This is exactly the disposition of the ant. Satisfied with what he can gather by industry, he never regrets his not acquiring more; and, preserving in his œconomy an air of easy circumstances, and of dignity, he appears, in refraining from every thing, to be in want of nothing. For instance, you see he is decently dressed. Well, the coat he has on, upon which was never seen a grain of dust, is the same he has worn for six years together, and is the only one he possesses. He did me the favour to dine with me to-day; which he very seldom does; and yet it is his own fault, as I wish him to make my table his own; but he chuses rather to dispose of that article of his expences in his own way, perhaps to reduce it to what is barely necessary. And in every want of life his frugality still finds out means of œconomy. But what most surprises me is, the secrecy with which he hides even from me, the use he makes of his money. I for some time imagined he had some mistress to whom he dispensed it; but the propriety of his conduct soon removed that suspicion. I can now think of no other, than that being impatient to return to his own country, he remits his little fortune thither as

fast

fast as he makes it, and conceals from me his intention of going and enjoying it there."

"As the opinion was very natural and nothing more likely, I entertained the same; but, before my departure, I became better acquainted with this uncommon and virtuous young man.

"The day of my departure, in taking leave of him, "my dear friend," said I, "I am returning to Paris. Shall I be fortunate enough to be of any use to you there? I have afforded you the pleasure of obliging me as much and as long as you have pleased; will you refuse me an opportunity of returning the obligation."—"No, Sir," said he, "you shall have it; and, in return for the little services which you are pleased to over-value, I shall come this evening, and request one from you, which is of the most material consequence to me. Take notice it is a secret which I am going to communicate to you; but I can be under no apprehensions. Your name alone is a sufficient security. I promised to keep it faithfully; and on that very evening, he called on me, with a casket full of gold in his hand.

"I have brought you," says he, "five hundred louis d'ors, the profits of three years labour, and

this paper signed with my name will indicate the use I wish them to be put to. It was signed Oliver Salvary. But my surprise was very great to find it was destined for nothing but articles of luxury! A thousand crowns to a jeweller; five hundred to a cabinet-maker; two hundred for millinery; as much for laces, and the rest to a perfumer.

“I perceive,” said he, “that I surprise you; yet you don’t see all. I have already paid, thank heaven, three hundred louis for things of the same kind; and I have much yet to pay before every thing will be discharged. Must I tell it you, Sir? Alas! I am a dishonoured man in my own country, and I am labouring here to wipe away a stain I have brought upon my name. I may, in the mean time, die; and die insolvent. I wish to make you a witness of my good intentions, and the efforts I am making to repair my misfortunes and my shame. You may consider as my testament, what I am going to relate to you, and I request you will notice it, that in case of my death, you may take the necessary means to re-instate my memory.” “There is hopes you will live long enough,” said I; “and have time to efface the remembrance of the misfortunes of your youth. But, if in order to make you easy, you want nothing but a faithful witness of your sentiments and conduct,

duct, though I am already better informed on that subject than you imagine, you may with all confidence lay open your heart to me."

"I have before told you," said he, smiling, "that my misfortunes are entirely owing to myself, and that my errors are without excuse. My profession was one of those that particularly required the strictest probity; and the first law of that probity is not to dispose of any thing that is not our own. I reckoned with myself, but was wrong. I ought to have calculated better, and my foolish imprudence was not the less blameable. Listen in what manner I was led into it."

"My extraction was creditable; my name fair; the esteem of the public, transmitted from my ancestors to their children; my youth; some successes, in which circumstances had much favoured me; all seemed to promise that I should make a rapid and brilliant fortune by my profession. This was the very rock on which I split."

My prospects were considered as infallible, and Monf. d'Amene, a man of fortune, being of that opinion, ventured to ground his daughter's happiness upon these delusive hopes. He offered me her

hand; and as soon as we were acquainted, a mutual attachment rendered our union equally desirable to both.—She is no more!—If she were still alive, and I were again to chuse a wife, it should be she. Yes, my dearest Adrienne, I swear it should be thee that I would chuse from among a thousand. Many may have more beauty: but who will ever possess thy worth, thy tenderness, sweetness of temper, good sense and candour in the same degree!”

“He spoke this with moistened eyes uplifted to heaven, where he seemed to be looking for her spirit, and added, “impute not to her any thing that I have done on her account. She was the innocent cause of my misfortune. She never even suspected it. And in the midst of the illusions with which she was environed, she was far from perceiving the abyss to which I was leading her, over a path strewn with flowers. Enamoured of her before I married her, more enamoured after possession, I thought of nothing but to make her happy; and in comparison with the love with which I burned for her, her timid tenderness, and her sensibility, which were kept within bounds by her modesty, had an appearance of coldness. To make myself beloved as much as I loved her——Shall I declare it?——I wanted
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to intoxicate her with happiness. Good Heavens! what passion ought not a man to indulge with distrust, if it be dangerous to give himself up to the desire of pleasing his wife.

“ A most elegant and commodious house, expensive and ornamental furniture, whatever was fashionable and costly in the article of dress, and which raise in young minds the propensities of self-love, by affording new splendour or new attractions to beauty; all was procured to prevent my wife’s desires, and voluntarily poured in upon her. A society, chosen by her own inclination, shewed her the most flattering attentions, and nothing that could render home agreeable was ever wanting.

“ My expences were great, and my wife was too young to consider it necessary to regulate and reduce them. Ah! had she known how much I risked to please her, with what resolution would she not have opposed it? But as she brought me a handsome fortune, it was reasonable for her to conclude, that on my side I was in good circumstances. She imagined at least that my situation in life allowed me to put my house upon a genteel footing. She saw nothing in it that was unsuitable to my profession;

tion; and on consulting her female friends, *all this was highly proper, all this was no more than decent.* Alas! I said so too, and Adrienne alone, with her modest and sweet ingenuous manners, asked me if I conceived it necessary to incur such expences to render myself amiable in her eyes. "'Tis impossible I can be insensible," said she, "to the pains you take to render me happy; but should not I be so with less? You love me, and that is sufficient to excite the envy of these young women. What pleasure can you find in increasing it by wishing me to eclipse them? Leave them their advantages, which I shall not envy. Let the frivolity of taste: let whim and vain superfluity be their desire. Love and happiness shall be mine."

"This tenderness, though it added to her charms, did not alter my conduct, and I replied that it was on my own account that I complied with custom; that what appeared as luxury to her, was nothing but a little more elegance than usual; that good taste was never expensive, and that whatever I might do, I should never transgress the bounds of propriety. I deceived her. I deceived myself, or rather I banished all thought. I knew I was living beyond my present income, but trusted that in a short time the produce of my labours would make
good

good the deficiency, and in the mean while my wife would have had her enjoyments. Every one approved of my affectionate care to make her happy. Could I do less for her? could I even do enough? This was the public voice. At least it was the sentiments and language of our acquaintances. My father-in-law looked with concern upon those extravagancies, upon this emulation of luxury, which ruins, said he, the greatest fortunes. He testified to me his disapprobation of it with some degree of severity. I calmly replied, that this emulation should never lead me into any indiscretion, and he might safely depend upon my prudence. I have found since the impression this manner of respectfully eluding his advice, made upon his mind, and what bitter resentment he nourished at the bottom of his heart.

“The happy moment now drew nigh which I had looked for with inexpressible delight, the moment of my becoming a father—a joy to which my heart had hitherto been a stranger; but this day which promised to be the happiest I had ever yet experienced, turned out the most fatal. It bereaved me both of the mother and the child. This misfortune plunged me into an abyss of sorrow. I cannot describe to you my misery and grief; it was that kind
only

that can only be expressed by the cries it utters. None but those who experience such sorrows can imagine what they are.

“ But to increase the severity of my affliction, my wife’s father informed me by his notary, accompanied with a few words of sorrow and condolance, that the writings were drawn up, to transfer back into his hands the fortune* I had received with her. Full of indignation at his haste, I replied that it should be so; and on the morrow the fortune was returned. But the jewels that I had given his daughter, and the other articles of value for her own particular use, were likewise included. He had a legal right to them. I represented the inhumanity of requiring me at the end of eighteen months marriage to submit to so severe a law, but he availed himself of his right with all the impatience and avidity of a greedy claimant. I submitted, and this severe exaction made some noise in the world. The envy my happiness had excited, now hastened to punish me for my short lived felicity, and under the disguise of pity, took great care to spread my ruin, which it seemed to deplore. My friends were less zealous to serve me than were my enemies to do me injury. They

* By the laws of France on the death of the mother and issue, her fortune reverts back to her family.

They observed that I had lived too fast. They were very right, but their observations came too late. It was at my entertainments that they should have been made. But you, sir, who know the world, know with what indulgence spendthrifts are treated until they are ruined. My misfortunes were now made public, and my creditors being alarmed came in crowds to my house. I was determined not to deceive them, and making them acquainted with my situation, I offered them all that I had left, and requested them to give me time to discharge the rest. Some were accommodating, but the others alledging the wealthy circumstances of my father-in-law, observed, that he was the person who ought to have given me indulgence, and that in seizing the spoils of his daughter, he had plundered them of their property. In a word, I was reduced to the necessity of escaping from their pursuits by blowing out my brains, or of being shut up in a prison.

“I passed this night, sir, in all the agonies of shame and despair, with death on one hand, and ruin on the other. This should surely serve as an eternal lesson and example. An honest and inoffensive man, whose only crime was his dependance upon so slight a foundation; this man hitherto esteemed
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and honoured, while supposed in an easy and sure way to fortune, all on a sudden marked with infamy, consigned to contempt, condemned either to cease to live, or to live in disgrace, in exile, or in prison; treated unkindly by his father-in-law, abandoned by his friends, no longer daring to appear abroad, no longer daring to name himself, and desirous of finding some solitary and inaccessible retreat that could conceal him from pursuit. Filled with these horrible reflections, what a dreadful night did I pass. The remembrance of it still makes me shudder! and neither my head nor my heart have yet recovered the shock I felt at this dreadful reverse of fortune. I do not exaggerate when I tell you, that during these agonizing convulsions I even sweated blood. This long conflict at length overcame my spirits, and my worn-out strength gave way to a calm still more dreadful. I considered the depth of the abyss into which I had fallen, and it was then, that I began to feel the cool resolution of putting an end to my existence take its birth at the bottom of my heart.

“Let me consider,” said I to myself, “which way I am to act, and fix on my last determination. If I submit to be arrested and imprisoned, I must perish there dishonoured, without resource and
without

without hope. It is doubtless a thousand times better to get rid of an odious and detested life, and to throw myself upon the mercy of God, who will perhaps pardon me for not being able to survive misfortune linked with dishonour. My pistols were ready, they lay on the table, and as I fixed my eyes upon them, nothing appeared to me at this moment more easy than to put an end to my existence at once. Aye, but how many base worthless villains whose minds have possessed like me this desperate courage have done the same? and what will wash away the blood in which I am going to imbrue my hands? will my infamy be the less inscribed upon my tomb? if, indeed a tomb be allowed me. And will my name branded by the laws be buried with me? But what am I saying? wretch that I am! I am thinking of the shame, but who is to expiate the guilt? I want to steal out of the world; but would not that be to rob myself, and disappoint those to whom I am indebted over again? when I shall cease to exist, who will make restitution for their property, which I have made away with? who will justify such abuse of their confidence? who will ask forgiveness for a young madman, the squanderer of wealth that was not his own? 'tis better to die, if I can no longer hope to regain that esteem which I have lost! But is it impossible, at my age, with labour and time to

repair the errors of my youth, and to obtain pardon for my misfortune? surely not. Then reflecting upon the resources that were left me, if I had fortitude enough to contend with my ill fate, I fancied I saw at a distance my honour emerging from behind the cloud that had obscured it. I fancied I saw a plank placed at my feet to save me from sinking, and that I beheld a haven at hand ready to receive me. I retired into Holland; but before I set off, I wrote to my creditors, informing them that having given up all I had left in the world, I was determined to devote my whole life to labour for their benefit; and entreated them to have patience.

“I failed for Amsterdam. My first care on my arrival, was to learn who among the wealthy merchants of that city was the man of the greatest honour and most distinguished reputation; and as every one agreed in naming Odelman, I went immediately to him.

“Excuse, Sir,” said I, “the intrusion of a stranger, persecuted by misfortune, who flies to you for refuge, to ask you whether he must sink under its weight, or whether by dint of resolution and industry, he may be able to overcome and sur vive it? I have no one to patronise or be answerable for me.

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I hope in time, however, to be my own security; and in the meanwhile, I beg you will make use of a man, that has been educated with care, understands *business*, and is of a willing disposition. Odelman, after having listened to, and surveyed me with attention, desired to know who had recommended me to him?—"The public opinion," said I. "On my arrival, I enquired for the wisest and the best amongst the citizens of Amsterdam, and every one named you."

"There was a certain expression of spiritedness, of frankness and resolution in my language and countenance, which misfortune imparts to resolute minds, and which nature seems to have made the dignity of the unfortunate. This seemed to affect him. He ask'd me several questions, I was sincere, but reserved in my answers. In a word, without informing him more of my situation, I said enough to remove his distrust; and prepossessed with a sentiment of esteem in my favour, he consented to put me to a trial, but without any particular agreement. He soon perceived that he had not in his counting-house a man of more diligence, assiduity, application, or who was more emulous of gaining information than myself.

“After serving him some time, “Oliver,” said he, (for that was the only name I was known by) “you have kept your word. Go on, I see we shall agree; we are made to live with one another. There is three months of your first year’s salary. I hope, and have not the least doubt it will go on in a progressive increase.”

“Oh with what joy did I, who had never in my life known the value of money, with what pleasure did I see myself master of the hundred ducats he had presented me with? how carefully did I lay by the greater part of this sum? with what ardour did I determine to pursue that labour of which it was the fruits, and with what impatience did I wait for the other three quarters of my salary that were to encrease this treasure?

“The day on which I was able to remit to Paris the first hundred *louis d’ors* of my savings, I reckoned the happiest of my life. When the receipt came back, what were my emotions, I kissed the paper a hundred times and watered it with my tears. I laid it upon my heart, and I felt it like a balm applied to my wounds.

“Thank

"Thank heaven, I have been able to continue this pleasure for three years together. My delight is now increased; for my perquisites being augmented and joined to some gains, which have arisen from commerce, double the amount of my savings. If they think this remittance has been tardy, I beg, Sir, you will mention, that the delay has been occasioned by the death of the only trusty correspondent I had at Paris, and that from this time, you will be so good as to supply his place. 'Tis true, I may yet labour fifteen years before I can discharge all, but I am only five and thirty. At fifty I shall be free; the wound in my heart will be healed. A multitude of voices will proclaim my honesty, and I shall be able to return to my country and to my friends with an unblushing countenance. Ah! Sir, how sweet and consoling is the idea, that the esteem of my fellow citizens will be restored to grace my old age, and to crown my grey hairs.

"I was so pleased with his exemplary honesty, and so delighted with his sentiments," rejoined Watelet, "that when he had done speaking, I embraced him, and assured him, that in all the world I never had met with a man of more probity than himself. This mark of my esteem affected him deeply, and he told me with tears in his eyes, that

he should with pleasure remember the consolation that accompanied my farewell. He likewise added, "that I was well acquainted with his heart, and that my testimony accorded with that of his conscience."

"As soon as I arrived at Paris, I went to his creditors and discharged my commission. They were desirous of knowing where he was, what he was doing, and what his resources were. Without answering their questions exactly in this respect, I said sufficient to impress them with the same good opinion of his honesty as I entertained myself, and they were perfectly satisfied."

"As I was one day dining at the house of Monsieur Nerwin, my notary, one of his guests, hearing me speak of my journey into Holland, asked me with some degree of ill temper and contempt, if I had never chanced to meet with one Oliver Salvary in that country. It was very easy to perceive by his looks and the scowl of his eye-brows there was malevolence in the question. I stood therefore on my guard, and replied, "that my tour into Holland having been a mere party of pleasure, I had not had time to acquire information respecting the French that I might have seen there, but that through my connections,

connections, it would be very possible to get some account of the person he had named."—No," said he, "it is not worth while. He has given me too much vexation already for me to concern myself about him. He has possibly died of want or shame, as it was but fit he should. He would have done much better still, if that it had happened before he married my daughter and brought himself to ruin. What dependance," continued he, "can you have upon the fine promises which a young man makes you.—In eighteen months fifty thousand crowns in debt; and, to complete the whole, exile and disgrace!" "Ah! Sir," said he to the notary, "when you marry your daughter, mind and be upon your guard. An insolvent and dishonoured son-in-law is but a sorry piece of furniture."

"Monsieur Nervin desired to know how it chanced that so prudent a man as himself had not foreseen and prevented these misfortunes?"—"I did foresee it," replied d'Amene, "and prevented it as far as it was in my power; for on the very day after my daughter's death, I diligently began to take my measures, and, thank Heaven, I have had the consolation of recovering her portion and personal property; but that is all I have been able to save from
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the wreck, and I left nothing but the shattered remains for the rest of the creditors."

"I had the greatest difficulty to contain myself till he retired; but perceiving the impression he had left upon the minds of the notary, and his daughter, I could not resist giving way to my desire of vindicating the honourable absent man; yet without mentioning his retreat, or saying where he was concealed (for it was on that head it behoved me to keep silence) "You have been hearing," said I, "this cruel father-in-law speak of his son in the most contemptuous terms. Every thing he has said about him is true; nor is it less true, that this unfortunate man pictured as he is, is still innocence and probity itself." This exordium seemed very strange to them, it rivetted their attention, and the father and daughter remaining silent, I began to relate what you have heard.

"There are men of such uncommon characters, that they are difficult to be comprehended: Nervan is one. Never was there a cooler head or a warmer heart. It was a volcano beneath a heap of snow. His daughter, was a girl of a tender and placid disposition, equally partaking of the ardour of her father's soul, and of the sedateness of reason. She

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is handsome. You have seen her; but she is so little vain of her beauty, that she hears it spoken of with the same easy air she would the beauty of another. "We may be proud," said she, "of what we have acquired ourselves, and modesty is necessary to conceal such pride, or to keep it within due bounds. But where is the merit or the glory in having an eye more piercing or a dimple better placed than another, and why should we think ourselves obliged to blush at the praise of what the caprice of nature has conferred upon us, and without any merit of our own. This little portrait may give you an idea of the disposition of Justina; which though more strongly characterized and determined than that of Adrienne, exhibited the same candour and the same charms.

"I had as much attention paid to my words by this worthy girl as her father, and at each stroke that marked the good faith of Salvary, his strong sensibility, his firmness under misfortune, I perceived them look at each other, and thrill with that sweet delight which virtue ever excites in the breasts of those that love her. But the father became imperceptibly more thoughtful, and the daughter more affected.

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“As I related to them the story, when I came to these affecting words of Oliver, Ah! Sir, how sweet and consoling is the idea that the esteem of my fellow citizens will be restored to grace my old age, and crown my grey hairs.” I saw Nervin lift up his head, with eyes all glistening with tears of which they were brim full. “No, virtuous man,” exclaimed he, in the effusion of his generosity, “you shall not wait the tedious decline of life, you shall be free and honoured as you deserve before that period. Sir,” added he to me, “you are in the right, there is not an honefter man in all the world. As to the common and strait-forward duties of life, any one may discharge them, but to persist in this resolution and probity, while hanging over the precipices of misfortune and shame, without once losing sight of them for a moment! this is rare indeed! this is what I call possessing a well disposed mind. He will commit no more follies. I am certain he will not. He will be kind, but he will be prudent; he knows too well what weakness and imprudence have cost him, and with d’Amene’s good leave, that is the man I should like for a son-in-law.—And you, daughter, what think you of it?”—“I, Sir!” replied Justina, “I confess that such would be the husband I should chuse.” “You shall have him,” said her father, immediately. “Write to him Sir,
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and desire him to come to Paris, tell him that a good match awaits him there, and tell him nothing more."

"I did so, and received for answer, that situated as he was, he was condemned to widowhood and solitude, that he was resolved to involve neither a wife nor children in his misfortunes, nor would he set his foot in his own country, untill there should be no one there before whom he should be ashamed to appear. This answer proved a fresh motive, to the impatient inclinations of the notary. "Desire him," says he, "to give in a specific account of his debts, and let him know that a person who interests himself in his welfare will undertake the care of settling every thing."

"Although Salvary made no scruple to intrust me with the state of his debts, yet he would by no means hear of the accommodation of them, he said, that any reduction of his creditors' claims would be unjust; that it was his intention to discharge them, and to the last livre; and all that he requested of them was time. "Time, time," says the notary, "I cannot spare him any. My daughter will grow old before he pays his debts. Leave this list of them with me. Trust me, I'll deal with them honourably."

ably. Every body shall be satisfied." Two days after he came to see me. "All is settled," said he. "Look, here are his bills, with receipts to them. Send them to him, and give him his choice, whether he will discharge the debt by marrying my daughter, or have me for sole creditor, if he refuses to accept me for a father-in-law; for what I have done, does not bind him to any thing."

"The joy and gratitude of Salvary, at seeing his misfortunes at an end, and all his ruin done away, you may easier conceive than I can express; and the eagerness with which he came to return thanks to his generous benefactor. He was nevertheless detained in Holland longer than he wished, and the impetuous Nervin began to complain, that this man was slow, and very hard to be persuaded. At last he arrived at my house, still doubting that his happiness was but a dream. I quickly introduced him to his liberal benefactor, with a mind impressed with two sentiments equally grateful, a deep impression of the father's goodness, and an earnest wish to return his favours by his attention and love to the daughter; for finding in her all he had so much loved and so much regretted in Adrienne, his mind was, as it were, filled with gratitude and love. He was hardly able, he said, to decide which was the more inestimable
gift

gift of heaven; a friend like Nervin, or a wife like Justina.

“There was still an uneasiness which he said hung upon his mind. “Forgive me,” said he one day, when Nervin reproached him for having rather put her patience to the test: “forgive me, sir, I was impatient to throw myself at your feet, but besides the accounts I had to make up, I have had in quitting Holland more than one conflict to undergo. The worthy Odelman, my refuge, my first benefactor, had relied upon me for the ease and comfort of his old age. He is a widower; has no children; and without saying so, he had already adopted me in his heart. When I told him we were to part, and revealed to him my past misfortunes, I told him by what prodigy of goodness I had been restored to honour, he bitterly complained of my dissimulation, and asked me if I thought I had a better friend in the world than Odelman. He entreated me to consent to his acquitting the obligation I owed you. He requested it with tears, and I quickly began to feel myself no longer able to resist his intreaties. But he read the letter in which Mr Watelet had made the eulogium of the charming and amiable Justina, and in which he had given a still more enchanting picture of her mind

than her person. "Ah!" said that good man to me, "I have no daughter to offer you; and if this portrait be a faithful one, it will be a difficult matter to find her equal. I will detain you no longer. Go, be happy—think of me, and do not cease to love me."

"Absorbed in thought, Nervin listened to this tale; at last, suddenly breaking silence, he said, "No, I will not desire you to be ungrateful, nor will I suffer a Dutchman to boast that he is more generous than I. You have no profession here, and you are not formed to lead an idle and useless life. It would be a very great happiness to me, as you must imagine, to have my children about me: but let that blessing be reserved for my old age, and as my business here furnishes me with sufficient employment to keep the time from being tedious, write to the worthy Odelman, and inform him, that I yield you up to him, along with my daughter, for ten years; after which, I hope, you'll come again to me, with a little colony of children; and you and I shall, in the mean while, have been getting them fortunes.

"Odelman, in the warmest manner, returned for answer, that his house, arms and heart, were all
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open to receive the new-married pair. He is expecting them, they are just setting off, and Oliver will henceforth be his partner in business. This, said Watelet, is the instance which I promised you, of that kind of fortitude which the unhappy need, *never to forfeit their own esteem, and never to despair, while they possess*

CONSCIOUS INTEGRITY.

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